

# CANADA'S GREAT CHRISTMAS NUMBER

# TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.



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## Around Town.

Lord and Lady Aberdeen must be convinced by this time that they are welcome in Canada. If addresses and ovations and tum-tum functions of all sorts can satisfy anybody, the vice-regal party must be even satisfied with satisfaction. If I were not sure of the genuineness of the welcome extended to them and of the satisfaction which they must feel, I would not venture to make any suggestion as to how long this sort of thing can be made to last. Ordinarily all formal addresses are but assurances that any deputy of the Queen will be acceptable to the Canadian people. Outside of this there is a genuine sentiment in Canada which reaches out and welcomes Lord and Lady Aberdeen as people who have already made themselves acceptable and valuable to the Canadian people. What I most regret is that, not satisfied with the genuine reception they have here received as excellent specimens of the British nobility, they have so misjudged the Canadian people as to imagine that an immense retinue is likely to further endear them to us or that a private chapel which smacks of ostentatious goodness is apt to make them beloved by the piety of the Dominion. It matters not if Lord Aberdeen builds this chapel at his own expense; the very building of it, the supposed necessity for it, savors too strongly of ostentation. We are certainly delighted that Lady Aberdeen is disposed to address Women's Christian Temperance Unions, and Lord Aberdeen's willingness to reply to any address delivered on behalf of anybody by anybody, is already on file as an evidence of his anxiety to please. But I fear in my own heart that the thing is being overdone, and I am only trying to suggest in what I write that Canadians cannot be pleased by gush or expenditure,

even if disguised in the carefully chosen words or easy manner of a cultured Scotch gentleman. We may have never before had anybody so great or so wealthy as Lord Aberdeen, but to the ordinary Canadian forty-seven of a retinue seems a trifle large; in fact, it looks excessive to the extent of at least about forty.

Here in Canada family prayers are said just before or just after breakfast, when the chairs are pushed back from the table, and the dining-room has been good enough for most of us to kneel in. The majority of us I imagine have heard our scripture lessons and the prayers of the sire or the grand-sire while the porridge was steaming on the table, and, I must confess, when I was thinking more of porridge than of prayer. That the Governor must have a little church built for himself, even at his own expense, strikes us as alittle too feudal for a farming community. Moreover, it is hardly in accordance with what I hear whispered was his lordship's anxiety to give a grand ball in Toronto before he had even been received by and made acquainted with the citizens by a local host and hostess. Canadians are very anxious to have foreign money spent in their midst, even if it be only for gewgaws, and medals, and champagne, and charlotte russe, and music. But it might just as well reach His Excellency's ears that we are somewhat touchy with regard to being patronized, or what might perhaps be better phrased as utilized, in order to make a record for a diplomatic gentleman who is anxious to reach the next stage under the crown, that of Governor-General of India. Lord Dufferin could do it, and did do it, but that is no reason why he should find imitators before they can understand the sentiment of the country are just a little too ready to spend unlimited sums of money and undiluted masses of flattery on each and every creed and race. I presume I shall find angry critics to chaste my spirit for having made these suggestions, and yet I make them in the kindest words that I can find and with none but the best intentions. Of one thing I feel sure, if he had come to us in the same simple and kindly manner which characterized his last visit, Canada could not have been too enthusiastic. I think the majority of my readers will feel with me that a Governor-General is much safer in under-doing it than over-doing it.

The new waterworks scheme is receiving many adherents. Some of the newspapers are urging that the tunnel should be commenced forthwith; others feel that it might be wise to enquire a little further. Now that the Huronario ship canal bubble has bubbled, I respectfully call the attention of the City Council to the fact that a gravitation scheme bringing water from Lake Simcoe can be had without robbing the city a cent, that capital can be found for building it, and that eventually it would be the greatest boon ever conferred upon this or any other locality. All the power for manufacturing, lighting, and purposes of loco-

motion is found in this scheme, and these were the features which seemed to dazzle the eyes of many of the aldermen and citizens in the impractical project which has just been laid away. Over half a million dollars is being asked for the new scheme; why should not the city accept the work of private enterprise which will not cost us a cent and would leave all the mains, branches' and taps under the control of the city? Why not, I ask the Council again, arrange and have the water run down-hill instead of engaging in the expensive task of pumping it uphill? The whole thing is so obvious, so simple, so practicable, that it necessarily finds little public support. The same scheme when coupled with a gaseous contrivance for bringing ships across cow pastures has found favor. Why should not this other scheme be discussed without the nebulous impossibilities of the other? It must come, it is coming; it is merely a question whether we waste another half or three-quarters of a million dollars on the old scheme, which means nothing but water—water procured under the most unfavorable circumstances. It furnishes the city with no power; there is nothing in it to make the city attractive, to boom its manufacturing and shipping facilities. It is simply an expedient, a make-shift, one of the tuppenny-ha'penny contrivances which for the last fifty years have kept us always in the hole and left us choking in the dust of the procession that passed us.

The opposition to the purchase of Upper Canada College grounds for a central park comes from an unexpected source, insomuch as the newspaper just now stricken with an economical fit ordinarily urges the expenditure of money in almost every direction. The public are aware that this "large notion" of public affairs is ordinarily attributable to the idea that some of the cash will drift into the cash-box of the paper

per and progressive expenditure, for they know the sooner we assume our proper position the sooner will their assets be available.

Buying the park—even if a hotel be put in the center of it—is a good speculation. Sit around the table, my friends, and let us calculate it. Supposing it costs three or four hundred thousand dollars and we have a very small principal to pay interest upon, and good times come back, we are offering no guarantee to those who sell the land that it will always be a park. The only guarantee the public have is that the park is necessary and that the people will insist upon retaining it. If ten years from now we desire to sell it we will make money out of it; we all hope to be alive then and share the profit. A park produces on its environs residential rather than business streets; it will stay the progress of the town westward and hold the business east of Simcoe street. Those nearest the park will have the advantage, because westward the tide of business takes its way, and will always take its way. The whole tendency of Toronto just now is to centralize. It is for the best. Let us pull our feet under ourselves and make this center of the city what it ought to be; we have been sprawled out too much. Electric cars have brought the business to the heart of Toronto and are apt to extend the residence portions. We can afford this park and Harbor Grove Park, and a half a dozen little parks or squares. While we are putting the city in debt and signing drafts on posterity we have a right to consider their interests, and we are doing little enough if we give them some parks and little squares. If we do not give them this small return for what we are asking them to pay, we are not being just. Let the park scheme go through and do not, for goodness'

knew the way of assassination led but to the grave. Carter Harrison's career was singularly successful in a way. He knew how to be Mayor of Chicago, and that is knowing a good deal; he knew how to handle the people; he did not try to be any better than his surroundings; he could afford to deride the influence of the pulpit and the press, and he proved that the man who could go a step further in demagoguery than either could be master of the situation. His was not a great career but it affords a lesson to those who have tried to recreate the world, that the only road to success is by utilizing the so-called worst elements, organizing them solidly and opposing an every day friend to people who have on their Sunday clothes.

It seems to me that many of our newspapers hunt for the worst features of city life and attribute the worst motives instead of trying to excuse the manifestations of humanity which must mark every great city. One newspaper calls the students "rowdies," and another calls them "fools," because they had a little merrymaking on Hallowe'en. This is not the right way to treat the boys. This is a students' city; we are glad to have them here, for we very well know that they contribute to our prosperity and are the most valuable agencies in establishing Toronto as the intellectual center of Canada. We can afford to give them a night once a year and have some of the palings pulled off our fences and our ears made ache with the discordant tooting of their horns. The theater, too, gets a big assessment out of the boys, and there is nothing I like more than being in the opera house when the students are there; they are always funnier than the play and the sensation of so much life and energy tearing itself loose makes me feel like a boy. . . .

gest to myself what phases of sin he intends to defend. I have come to the conclusion that he will have large audiences, and that in none of them will there be an auditor who has not some favorite sin that he or she would like to see defended. Philosophically speaking, it seems to me wise that there should be an investigation made into what we call sin. We hear oceans about goodness, yet we have the haziest sort of a notion as to where goodness ends and sin begins. If we could have a photograph of the line fence between goodness and sin, it would be the most tangled up, crookedest, jog-around fence that was ever seen, and yet no individual would recognize the photograph as being the landmarks of his or her own life. In some places we would have our fence away in on the line of goodness so far that grass would grow and nations live on the sin side of our fences and still be within the territory of goodness. In other places our fence would go away down to the foothills that are supposed to be blackened with soot from the lower regions. They would not dodge up and down in the same places. We build around our virtues and build away below our vices, and yet each one of us holds the opinion that that is the line fence between goodness and sin.

Nothing has ever caused more trouble in rural places than the old line fence lawsuit, where they start by getting the fence-viewers and county officials to come and arbitrate, proceed further to a lawsuit and then get shotguns and sit on the rails, ready to pump lead into anybody that will move the fence or disturb the flow of the water. It is so with the line fence between goodness and sin; we are all ready to fight for our own notions, and it seems to me that certain phases of sin may not have had a fair show in the dispute. If Oscar Wilde has anything to offer that will

make us a little more gentle towards one whom we consider an erring neighbor, he will do good. We can all be sure that he won't disturb the old-fashioned notions, because our ideas are rooted deep that this thing is wrong and the other thing is right, and very much of the pleasure of doing the wrong thing comes from our knowledge that it is improper. Philosophically speaking, it is a taking subject, and the Knight of the Sunflower and the apostle who has done much to teach the world that because a thing is cheap it is not necessarily unbeautiful, will be listened to with interest if not with profit.

The death of Sir John Abbott has not even made a ripple on the surface of Canadian politics. How saddening it must be to public men to see this clean-minded and gentle man pass away from the scene of an industrious and successful career, with nothing but a few perhaps meaningless compliments upon his life's work. Had he been Premier at the time of his death every politician in the Dominion would have been disturbed, anxious or hopeful. Dy-

ingas he did when he was out of harness, it was felt necessary by the organ of the Conservative party to go into mourning, and the newspapers feel it incumbent upon them to say some pretty things about what he accomplished. I put it down on my list of subjects because it is an event of the week, yet I know it does not disturb me in the slightest. I do not feel any great welling up of sympathy insomuch as he passed away in the fullness of years and honors, and we must all die some time. I think I can appreciate the sentiments with which others write, for the announcement is really as meaningless to us as the ordinary death notice in the obituary column. We all know that to his family and to those near and dear to him his death means tears and sincere sorrow, yet that is all. And so must we all die, and it is in contemplating the passing away of a great and good man like this who has had much to do with the affairs of the Dominion, that we discover how empty all the honors are, what little effect even having been Premier of the country has. Yet there are men who have wasted all their substance trying to be aldermen in cities and towns, where they will be forgotten within thirty days after they are dead. I am convinced that they neglect the beauties and sometimes even the proprieties of private life in order to get into sight for a few short years. Then comes the obituary notice, and probably a cannery factory will be built where they used to live and weeds will grow where they are buried. Occasionally a monument may be built to celebrate the deeds of a great premier, yet when we look up at the figure on the pedestal and think that the man has crumbled to dust, and that history is probably saying as mean things about him as any of his enemies did when he was alive, we have a right to wonder whether there is anything in it. I believe I would rather have the eyes of one affectionate friend fill with tears when he thinks about me after I have been thinking about it for a month, trying to sug-



VIEW OF HOBART, TASMANIA.

In question. Its opposition to the central park idea is also suspected to have its origin in the non-connection of the deal with some profitable advertising. The man who strikes good times is apt to become extravagant, and when he strikes hard times he is not at all unlikely to become mean. Neither course is businesslike. In

good times we should restrain ourselves with a view of the evil day that cometh later; in hard times we must not be too frugal lest the good day cometh never. Toronto is having a spell of depression, and if it desires to compare the word "depressed" and make it "more depressed" and "most depressed" and "depressed into a hole," it has simply to sit down in the sand, cover itself with sackcloth and ashes and say, "We have not a dollar for anything." Such a spectacle will of course impress the entire country with the unutterable misery of our position. We are in no such sad straits; Toronto is still a gay and festive town; its sons and daughters marry and are given in marriages and the presents are "numerous and costly," and the bride is "charmingly attired," as of yore, and we have plenty of balls and parties "numerously attended" by "the most fashionable people." The dry-goods stores have their doors open and the finest goods in America are offered for sale and find plenty of customers. There is nothing the matter with Toronto but a little fit of colic, a nervous re-action after a real estate spree. We can afford to buy parks just as well as we ever could.

Frederick the Great built the finest palace in Prussia when he had to melt down his gold tea-pots to get money, and he did it to impress the other nations that he had not "gone broke." If our affairs were being handled by anybody except junk men we would have evaded the horrible spectacle that we have made of ourselves in the eyes of investors. Toronto is rich and prosperous; some of those who are richest can hardly find money enough to pay their taxes, but it is only for a few years, and they are not the ones who are kicking against pro-

sake, let us gnash our teeth for fear a hotel might be put in the middle of it. All we must demand is that it shall be the finest hotel in Canada. If such a hotel is built we can afford to let the guests ramble on the city's soil. As it is, the guests that would ramble there are summering and wintering somewhere else.

The assassination of Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago, was an unexpected and horrible thing, but his dreadful "taking off" does not seem to engross the public attention so much as the question of what shall be done with his assassin. I think I shall be entirely consistent with what I have previously written if I say that the wisest and most economical thing to do with the man who killed him is to "remove" him, as Mr. Guitreau would have put it. For fear that he is not insane it would be wise to hang him; lest he may be insane and consequently kill other people, it would be wise to hang him; consequently, it seems to me, it would be wise to hang him anyway. He is of no use to the community and as horrible examples apparently have to be offered, Chicago never had better material to stretch a rope than is found in the person of Carter Harrison's assassin. Assassination is too common and it discourages men from pursuing of public office to think that cranks are apt to make them a likely target for their bullets. Very frequently we make sacrifices to the god of peace and order; why should there be any objection to offering up murderously crazy men and crazy women who have evidently dismissed their souls and are living a mere animal and disturbing life. I think I have heretofore proven in various articles that we hold human life very cheaply, consequently I think it is almost a pity the mob did not lynch ex-Policeman Prendergast; they would have been excused as having in a moment of passion done that which in a moment of reason a certain sentimentalism forbids. I think there would be fewer murderous cranks if they

their performance is not beautiful; practically it is one of the best advertisements the city has. We should not get so awfully nicey-nicey and goody-goody as to berate the students and encourage the police to break their heads when they go out for a little jollification. No doubt rowdies get amongst them; one of the arrests showed that the stone-thrower was not a student at all. But, bless us, this is not a graveyard, it is a city, and we should bear with patience if not smile with approbation on the pranks of the boys who will be the men before many years. I look back upon my own student days—and they were too few, unfortunately for me—with delight. I am proud to say I could always be counted on to screw down windows and barricade doors, and have even had the charming task allotted me of dropping red pepper down chimneys. I beam with pride to think of the immense fun I have had in kangaroo courts, and with what undiluted delight I have listened to freshmen delivering orations while standing up to their chin in the river. Did the freshmen good, and I am of the opinion that cane rushes and bazines, if not carried too far, are good institutions. For one do not believe in bringing up pudding boys having nothing more stirring in their student days than a cake walk or a bun fight. I know right well that they will have something livelier than that before they get through life, and a smashed hat or a torn coat, or even a black eye or the loss of a tooth is a very mild introduction to the battle that boys will have to go through before they die. When I see some of the dough-faced, pimply boys that fond mothers are preparing for life's failure, I feel that I would like to be on a campus again and help give "the rush" and "the hustle" and help make men out of them.

Oscar Wilde is coming over here to deliver a course of lectures in excuse of sin. This is horribly heterodox and I have been thinking about it for a month, trying to sug-

= = SEND IN YOUR ORDERS AT ONCE = =

The committees of the Board of Trade, City Council, Ratepayers' Association and Trades and Labor Council have united on a scheme of civic reform. The most conspicuous feature of their report is an entire separation of the legislative and administrative functions of the city government. I do not think the method they suggest is by any means complete, yet they have gone straight to the heart of the subject and should have the assistance of every right-minded citizen in their endeavor to change what is now a miserable and unworkable arrangement.

The reception accorded to the tyrannical Russians by Republican, liberty-loving France has probably been the most ridiculous thing in international history. France must have felt herself to be almost friendless amongst the Powers or she would not have made such a crazy exhibition of delight when Russia condescended to visit her in state. It is almost inconceivable in this climate that men would so far forget the dignity of wearing grown people's clothes as to rush up and hug foreign sailors in the street, and chatter and canter and cavort around as if they had found a long lost brother. It is too stagey for anything; it was hysterical and made France more absurd in the eyes of the world than even the whipping that Germany gave her. A very good man may get thumped once in a while, in fact is sure to get thumped if he too persistently looks for trouble, but nobody out of knickerbockers and pinsoires is expected to make what the bordello-keeper called a "huge, hideous mass of itself." Russia does not propose to do anything for France that is not conducive to the welfare and longevity of the Czar, and all the huggings and hand-shakings and sentiment are but the froth on a very dirty tub of suds.

#### Social and Personal.

The wedding of Miss Kate Fleury DaMoulin and Mr. T. Alder Dickson Blane was the leading matrimonial event of the week. The parents of the bride as well as the young lady herself are among the best known of Toronto's leading people, and the shoals of wedding presents showered upon the bride attest the esteem and affection in which she is held. Miss DuMoulin's wedding gown was of ivory Irish poplin, brocaded with shamrocks and imported from Dublin for the event. She wore a veil and orange flowers and carried a white ostrich feather fan. The bridesmaids were Misses Mary DuMoulin, Brough and Maud Betts of Kingston, who were gowned in yellow crepon with ribbon garniture, and carried shower bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums. Three little maids of honor, Misses Frances DuMoulin, Olive Bradshaw and Willa Brough, wore frocks of white crepon and large white hats with trimmings of fur and feathers, and chrysanthemum bouquets. The church was exquisitely decorated with an arch of cut flowers and smilax, from which depended a floral marriage bell. The best man was Mr. Eyre Barrow of Quebec. Messrs. Philip Edward and Walter DaMoulin, Alan Sullivan, Wilmet Stratton and Dr. Crawford Saddington acted as ushers. Canon DuMoulin and Rev. Mr. Boulden performed the ceremony. The bride was stately and becoming in black satin, with white ostrich boa. Mrs. O'Brien was a picture of a grande dame in black velvet and lace. Mr. C. B. DaMoulin led the bride to the altar and gave her away. The bridegroom's gift to the bride was a very valuable pearl ring, and to the bridesmaids pins representing golden bees. The choir rendered a beautiful special service.

Another very pretty wedding took place in St. Luke's church on Tuesday last at two o'clock, when Miss Morna Irvine, youngest daughter of Mr. E. A. Meredith of Rosedale, became the bride of Rev. Alfred J. Reid, formerly curate of St. Luke's and now rector of Bathurst, N.B. The church was beautifully decorated with flowers and palms. Shortly after the appointed time the bride entered the church with her father and proceeded to the chancel steps, where the groom with his best man, Rev. Mr. Lowe of Kingston, was in waiting. The bride was preceded by her bridesmaids, Miss Madeline Meredith, cousin of the bride, and Miss Ethel Murphy. The service was choral and the ceremony was performed by his Lordship the Bishop of Toronto, assisted by Rev. Dr. Langtry and Rev. Mr. Roper. The bride looked lovely in a dress of white corded silk, the bodice and skirt being profusely trimmed with beautiful lace; the veil was very long and was run with silken threads. She wore a pearl necklace and carried a lovely bouquet of bridal roses. The bridesmaid's dresses were of white crepon trimmed with narrow white ribbon, Napoleon hats of white felt, trimmed with white tips, and they carried bouquets of pink chrysanthemums and wore pearl crescent pins, the gifts of the groom. After the ceremony a short reception was held at Rosedale, where a very large number of beautiful presents were much admired. Mrs. Meredith, mother of the bride, wore a very stylish costume of hunter's green cloth with pink vest and bonnet of pink and green; Miss Meredith, maroon cloth suit trimmed with sable; Mrs. Arthur Meredith, prune velvet trimmed with bear and bonnet to match; Mrs. Willie Ramsay of Hamilton, a very stylish suit of dark brown; Mrs. Decker, heavy black watered silk, sable mantle and a lovely little jet bonnet; Mrs. Hainsworth, a very stylish suit of black and white; Mrs. Clarkson Jones, black silk with black and pink bonnet; Mrs. Maule, black lace and small black and green bonnet; Miss Lilly Maule, stylish costume of blue and white with a black picture hat and black feather boa; Mrs. W. R. Meredith, black silk and a black jet bonnet with pink tips; Miss Constance Meredith, a lovely costume of Nile green and pink, large picture hat, gold lace and tips; Mrs. Street-Macklem, pearl gray costume, trimmed with pink and black, white feather bonnet; Mrs. (D.) Johnson, a stylish tailor made suit of green, crimson vest and large hat. Among others were the following guests: Judge, Mrs. and Miss Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Langmuir, Mr. F. W. Jarvis, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer, Mrs. Wm. Baldwin, Miss Baldwin,

Mr. E. and the Misses Murphy, Mr. and Mrs. J. French, Dr. and Mrs. Baldwin, Mr. and Mrs. F. Lightbourn, Mrs. and Miss Langtry, Mrs. Pepler, Rev. A. J. and Mrs. Broughall, Mr. and the Misses Kemp, and Messrs. Harcourt, Broughall, Henderson, Ord, Bedford Jones and Master Allen Meredith.

On Tuesday morning last at the pretty little church of St. Mark's, Toronto Junction, Rev. Edgar W. Pickford, incumbent of St. John's, Haverton, Ont., and Adelaide Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Rev. Charles E. Thomson, rector of St. Mark's, were married. Long before the bridal party arrived at the church, which was beautifully decorated with flowers, the sacred edifice was crowded to the doors, and when the bride did arrive, led by her father, she made her way to the chancel steps with no little difficulty. The bishop of the diocese officiated, assisted by Rev. Canon Tremayne of Mimico. The wedding service was fully choral, as was the communion service which followed. The bride's dress was a lovely gown of white silk, and she wore a tulip surmounted by a wreath of natural flowers and orange blossoms. Her bouquet was of white Maréchal Niel roses. The bridesmaids were Miss Paget, daughter of Dr. Paget of Elora, and Miss Gribble. There were also two wee maidens of honor, Misses Amy Laughlin and Olive Thorne. The bridesmaids wore violet nun's cloth dresses, Directoire hats trimmed with violets, and gloves and shoes to correspond. The sweet little maidens, Amy and Olive, were daintily attired in Empire dresses and carried baskets of lovely flowers. The groom was attended by Mr. Leonard Baynes Reed and Mr. W. Colborne Thomson. The presents to the bride and bridegroom were numerous and all very useful. Among them were a set of silver cassettes from Bishop and Mrs. Sweatman, a handsome clock from St. Mark's congregation, silver spoons from Mrs. Geddes, and many others too numerous to particularize. Among the ladies present were: Mrs. Thomson, mother of the bride, who was tastefully gowned in slate-colored cashmere; Mrs. Henry Thomson's tall figure looked well in a fashionably made mauve gown; Miss Weatherstone was charming in cream colored cashmere, while the Misses Wakefield, Alley, Gilbert and Rutland were all pleasantly attired. A reception was held at Canobie, Davenport, the residence of the bride's parents, immediately after the ceremony. Among a very large company were: The Bishop and officiating clergy, Revs. F. Tremayne of Elington, Mr. W. Creswick, Mr. R. C. Caswall, Colonel Gilkison of Bradford, Mrs. Canniff Austin, Mrs. Geddes, Miss Thompson, Mrs. Malpas and others.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Bickell have returned from their wedding trip to the World's Fair and will be At Home to their friends on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, November 13, 15 and 17, at their residence, 141 Seaton street.

A number of the many friends and admirers of Prof. Goldwin Smith, who with Mrs. Smith left for England, assembled at the Union Station on Wednesday to wish him good-bye and a speedy return to Toronto.

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Small of Sacramento, Cal., have been visiting at his home, 705 Spadina avenue.

Mr. A. T. McCord, who has for the past twelve years acted as chief agent in the Dominion for the London Guarantee and Accident Company, Limited, has in consequence of continuous severe illness resigned his appointment. The directors of the company, to mark their appreciation of his past services, have designated him Consulting Director for

Miss Carr, cream with lace; Miss L. Curtin, black silk and lace; Miss Murphy, black velvet and cream lace; Miss Cleary, black lace with ostrich plumes; Miss Joyce, bronze and cream. The hall was beautifully decorated, being one mass of flags and bunting. The energetic committee are to be congratulated on the success of the affair.

Mr. J. G. Macoun of the Bank of Commerce leaves on Thursday on a hunting expedition. Mrs. Macoun is spending a few weeks in Woodstock.

Mr. G. Luther Lennox, barrister, has returned to the city after spending ten days at the World's Fair.

Mrs. Worthington and her daughter, Mrs. Elwood, have just returned from Chicago and have taken Mrs. Brown's house, 306 Sherbourne street, for the winter, and will be At Home to their many friends every Monday.

The following letter from Captain Gordon has been forwarded to the Toronto College of Music, where its receipt gave much pleasure:

DEAR SIR—In reply to your communication of yesterday's date, I am instructed to inform you that their Excellencies gladly accept the position of patrons of the College so cordially offered in your note under acknowledgment.

I am, yours faithfully,  
ARTHUR GORDON.  
Governor-General's Secretary.

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C. D. Richardson.

Canada, in which high position his ripe experience and sound judgment will be of great assistance to his successor. Mr. C. D. Richardson, who was Mr. McCord's chief assistant, has been appointed to the vacancy, an arrangement which will no doubt be received with favor by the extensive connections of the company.

A large audience gathered in St. Stephen's schoolhouse on Monday week, the occasion being an At Home given by the Young People's Association. The duties of chairman were ably performed by the first vice-president, Rev. E. V. Stephenson, who opened the meeting by a short address. The piano duet by the Misses Michie, which followed, was well received. Miss Lapatnikoff charmed everyone by her rendering of the song, O Where Is Heaven. Miss Birdie Hope received well merited applause for her first number, the dialogue between Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, and responded with A Woman's Question. Mrs. Cuthbertson sang in Paradise Way, in her usual pleasing manner. During the short intermission which followed, an opportunity, of which many availed themselves, was offered those desiring to add their names to the membership roll. Mrs. Lapatnikoff opened the second part by a piano solo, which more than pleased her audience. The association is certainly to be congratulated upon obtaining the services of a family possessed of such rare musical talent.

Miss Katherine Ryan left on Tuesday for New York to visit her sister, Miss Susie Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Webb have returned from the World's Fair.

Miss Alice Tait left on Saturday last for an extended visit to Goderich, where she is the guest of Rev. Murdoch Mackay.

Mrs. Bernard of Close avenue gave an impromptu evening for a number of friends on Friday of last week. A most delightful time was spent by all present.

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Amy Lee, daughter of Mr. J. N. Lee, 35 Hardbord street, a little miss of eleven years, was awarded at the last Industrial Exhibition five first prizes and a bronze medal for her clever work in the Child's Art Department.

The St. George's Society, with characteristic enterprise, last year made a phenomenal success of Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre, thereby materially replenishing their charitable funds.

This year the Society is again to the fore with a Costume Concert to be given in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, November 28. The concert will be under the

Continued on Page Eleven.

In spite of the unpleasant weather last Saturday afternoon fully three thousand people wended their way up to the Rosedale grounds to witness one of the most interesting matches and closest contests that has ever taken place in our beautiful lacrosse grounds. A goodly company of fair ladies were present, who grew most enthusiastic and appeared to understand thoroughly the mysteries of "punting," "scrumping," "rushing" and "tackling." Their Rugby football education was a revelation to me. The Misses Jarvis were pretty costumes of navy blue and fawn; Miss Riordan's fair face was almost hidden amongst seal and sable, while a piquant blue hat crowned her fair hair; Mrs. Henry Duggan wore a modish gown of black and white; Miss Milligan, black and large picture hat covered with black plumes; Miss McLean was sweetly pretty in black and scarlet; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald's fair beauty was set off by a becoming black gown and hat; Miss Cowan, golden brown; Mrs. Fahy, the fair bride from Penetanguishene, was clad in black and pink; Mrs. Vankoughnet, a stylish costume of black and white; Miss Livingston of Rosedale, golden brown and mose becoming little Paul Jones hat; Miss Blossom Kingsmill, a becoming combination of garnet and pink; Miss Reed, navy blue, trimmed with otter and small otter hat; Miss McNabb of Detrost, a stylish gown of seal brown and black.

Mr. (Dr.) Aylesworth gave a quaint and pleasant little afternoon tea for young people on Friday, Oct. 27, from four to six. The hostess was assisted in receiving the guests by Mrs. Mathews and Miss Aylesworth. Among those present were: Mrs. Crowley of St. George street, Miss Johnston, Miss E. Shaw, Miss He-keth, Miss B. and Miss T. Mason, Miss F. Bryan, the Misses Anderson, Miss P. Bain, Miss E. Tenny, the Misses Foster, and others.

Miss Ethel Metcalfe, daughter of Mr. J. H. Metcalfe, M. P. P. of Kingston, is visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. Redgrave Doward of 112 Baldwin street.

Mr. Wm. Barry of Seattle has been visiting his mother, Mrs. Wm. Thorpe of 678 Spadina avenue, and returned to his Western home on Thursday last.

Miss Helen King of Jarvis street is spending the autumn with her sister, Mrs. C. S. Wilbur, at Lakewood, the fashionable winter resort near New York.

Mrs. Cameron Brown will be At Home to her friends at 53 St. James avenue all of next week and thereafter on Tuesday of each week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Code have returned to the city and are receiving their many friends at 39 Sullivan street. Mrs. Code will be At Home every Tuesday hereafter.

Miss Alice Tait left on Saturday last for an extended visit to Goderich, where she is the guest of Rev. Murdoch Mackay.

Mrs. Bernard of Close avenue gave an impromptu evening for a number of friends on Friday of last week. A most delightful time was spent by all present.

Miss Katherine Ryan left on Tuesday for New York to visit her sister, Miss Susie Ryan.

Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Webb have returned from the World's Fair.

Amy Lee, daughter of Mr. J. N. Lee, 35 Hardbord street, a little miss of eleven years, was awarded at the last Industrial Exhibition five first prizes and a bronze medal for her clever work in the Child's Art Department.

The St. George's Society, with characteristic enterprise, last year made a phenomenal success of Ye Olde Englyshe Fayre, thereby materially replenishing their charitable funds. This year the Society is again to the fore with a Costume Concert to be given in the Pavilion on Tuesday evening, November 28. The concert will be under the

Continued on Page Eleven.

## PARIS KID GLOVE STORE

### SPECIAL.

Ladies undressed Kid Gloves with gauntlet. Tans and Grays, 75cts.

Suede Gloves.—The Newest shades is heliotrope and green. The latest novelty.

Glace Kid in all the Newest Colors, with weltbands and big buttons to suit every costume.

Evening Gloves in Every Length and Shade. Dress Tans.

### DRESSMAKING.

We have just received a choice assortment of Ladies Fancy Suitings for Street and Visiting Costumes.

N. B.—Ladies living out of town will find it a great convenience to send for Our Measurement Sheet, whereby we can guarantee a perfectly fitting dress without personal interview.

A great saving of time and expense. Special attention given to Sample Department and orders by mail.

Mourning orders Completed on the shortest notice.

**WM STITT & CO.**

11 and 13 King Street East

**Doulton**

**Doulton**

**Doulton**

We have just received another large shipment of Doulton Vases, Plates, etc., in decorations, same as those on exhibition at the

### WORLD'S FAIR

## PANTECHNETHECA

116 Yonge Street

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Toronto

FOR THE COMING SEASON  
We are showing new styles in Ladies' Fine American Boots, Shoes and Slippers. A pretty pat. tip boot, hand sewed, narrow square toe, \$4. Call and see them.

L. A. STACKHOUSE  
124 King Street West (Opposite Rossina House).

**Topaz**

November's Birthday Stone

Who first comes to this world below  
With dear November's fog and snow,  
Should prize the Topaz's amber hue,  
Emblem of friends and loves true.

\$10.00

Will buy a French Marble or Onyx Clock. We have made heavy importations in Ormolu, Marble, Porcelain and French Carriage, Striking, Alarm and Repeating Clocks.

**The J. E. Ellis Co., Ltd.**

Diamond Brokers and Jewelers

3 King Street East - Toronto

Fine Clock and Watch Repairing a specialty.

## Table Cutlery

DESSERT  
FISH  
GAME

## Knives and Forks

Best British Plated SPOONS and FORKS.

## RICE LEWIS & SON, LTD.

King and Victoria Streets

TORONTO

Nov 4, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

3

**'Varsity Chat.'**

**T**HE students as usual enjoyed a pleasant leave-taking of old October. All Hallowe'en was welcomed by one of the largest turn-outs of 'Varsity men of the past few years. And for good reasons. They had demolished the Normal School fence and by that act earned the thanks of the townsmen, but now they were bent on gownsman's scalps. Ever since the 'Varsity restoration there has been left standing an old tool-house east of the college for the ostensible purpose of storing the gardener's tools, and what the authorities had not the moral courage to remove the boys took in their own hands. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and as if with a premonition of the threatened dissolution, 'Varsity supernumeraries were busily engaged all afternoon with wheelbarrows in rescuing the contents from the spoilers' hands. In the evening after the opera the boys with one idea marched northward, followed by a corporal's guard of policemen, and headed for the grounds. Before the policemen could prevent it the sheds were practically demolished, windows smashed and sidings torn off by hundreds of willing hands, and if the powers that be do not soon remove them the boys will complete the rest of their contract. After this the usual line of march via Ladies' Colleges was pursued and the crowd gradually melted away. Long live Hallowe'en!

The "Varsity affair" was finally settled at last week's meeting of the Literary Society, the Society supplementing its former grant by voting the payment of the rest of the 'Varsity's debt. This leaves the new management a clear sheet before them. A considerable bank account in 'Varsity's favor was unearthened in the course of the investigation.

The Seniors held their elections last Tuesday and elected the following officers: President, Mr. E. T. Langley; 1st vice-president, Mr. W. M. Boulbee; 2nd vice-president, Miss B. Cross; secretary, Mr. H. T. Kerr; treasurer, Mr. W. H. Pease; athletic director, Mr. D. M. Duncan;



Parker, S.P.S., High Pole Vault, 9 ft. 3 1/2 in.  
Instantaneous photo by W. A. Braun, '93.

councillors, Miss Wilson, Mr. F. D. Fry, Mr. S. G. Stone; poet, Miss Evelyn Durand; orator, Mr. G. B. Wilson; historians, Miss Topping and Mr. R. C. Dunbar; musical director, Mr. J. T. Blythe; prophet, Mr. T. C. M. Robertson; judge and critic, Mr. B. A. C. Craig.

The second year elections for this year resulted in the selection of the following officers: President, Mr. R. W. Allin; 1st vice-president, Miss Laird; 2nd, vice-president, Mr. J. E. Hodgeson; treasurer, Mr. J. A. Rowland; secretary, Mr. R. J. Towers; musical director, Mr. W. J. Landers; athletic director, Mr. J. G. Merrick; councillors, Messrs. L. Sherwood, L. Shaw, B. L. Rutherford, C. C. Bell, W. McLean; judge, Mr. F. A. Young; artist, Mr. E. M. Graham; critic, Mr. A. Meighen; prophet, Mr. W. L. Rush; historians, Miss Canthorpe and Mr. A. R. Clute.

The sophomores filled the remaining offices left over at the last meeting of the year as follows: Poet, Mr. W. P. Reeve; orator, Mr. J. L. Murray; prophet, Mr. A. R. Hamilton; judge, Mr. W. J. McDonald; critic, Mr. C. J.



The Scrimmage—Varsity Queen's Rugby Match  
Instantaneous photo by W. A. Braun, '93.

Lynde; artist, Mr. W. A. Braun; musical director, Mr. W. D. Scott; athletic director, Mr. C. W. Cross; historians, Miss O'Rourke and Mr. W. Mowbray.

Last Saturday the 'Varsity student had football galore over which to mourn or make merry. What with the Queen's match in the forenoon and the Association game with the Torontos in the afternoon, and the games of the second teams in each style of play, the day was well spent. Most 'Varsity men feel sad over the result of the Rugby match, especially when such a strong team had been got together—a team quite the superior of the men from the Lime-stone City, as was evidenced on a fair field last Saturday, but it is a case of hard luck and fate unpropitious.

Association is well in hand. The 'Varsity has a firm hold on the Central Championship, and probable success against the Western champions is before them. Last Saturday morning was witnessed a new departure in the history of the campus. The Athletic Associa-

tion secured permission from the Council to charge a fee for admission to the game, and quite a little pile of shekels is the result. This will help to lift the Association out of the hole which resulted from the Rosedale games.

AARON.

**Trinity Talk.**

**T**HE proceedings of the annual meeting of Convocation to be held on the 13th and 14th inst., will be closely followed by all connected with the University. On the evening of the 13th the annual Convocation service will be held in the chapel, with a special sermon by Rev. John Kerr, B.D., of Montreal. On the 14th, at 11 a.m., the business meeting will be called to order, and from all indications the learned gentlemen have no light task before them. The most interesting and at the same time most important matter proposed for discussion, is that brought forward by Mr. N. Fessenden, on the advisability of the federation of Trinity University with the Provincial University, under the Federation Act of 1887. The question, as will be seen, is not a new one and has been the subject of great deal of interest and speculation among the students as well. Several amendments of constitution are to be brought forward by Mr. Worrell, and the questions of increasing the number of Matriculation scholarships, and of founding scholarships in local centers, have been selected for discussion by the Executive Committee.

The first lecture of a series of six on the subject of Dante, his life and times, was delivered by Prof. Clark, D.C.L., on October 21, in Convocation Hall.

The first match in the inter-year tie took place on Tuesday, October 24, between '95 and '96. The freshmen played with the wind the first half, and by good rush work led by six points at half time. In the second half '95 showed up much better, especially in the back division, and eventually won by thirteen to six. Southam, O'Reilly and E. G. Osler played well for '95. White, Percy, Cartwright and Cooper showing well for the freshmen.

The first general meeting of the Athletic Association was held on the 21st ult., Mr. A. F. R. Martin, B.A., in the chair. The fee for divinity men was made \$3. and Mr. Gwyn was elected secretary, vice Mr. DuMoulin, resigned.

The annual Convocation Dinner Committee is at work making necessary arrangements.

The Banjo and Guitar Club has elected the following officers: President, F. A. P. Chadwick, B.A.; musical director, H. C. Osborne, '95; sec-treas., C. H. Mockridge, '95.

Mr. Jas. Abbott, '92, whose home is now in Vancouver, B.C., was the guest of Mr. C. McInnes for a few days last week.

The question of federation with the Provincial University was discussed in the Literary Society on the 22nd ult., Mr. Mockridge, B.A., and Mr. E. G. Osler, '95, for the affirmative, and Mr. Chadwick, B.A., and Mr. Davidson, '95, for the negative. The affirmative brought forward the best arguments and won.

RED AND BLACK.

**Victoria University.**

**T**HE cosy little chapel looked very pretty on Tuesday evening on the occasion of the unveiling of the portraits of Victoria's great benefactors, the late William Gooderham and Hon. John Macdonald. The portraits of John Wesley, Luther, Newton and Milton looked down on a solemn scene when the dignitaries of the church and the Methodists of the city assembled to do honor to the revered dead. Rev. A. Carman, M.A., D.D., General Superintendent of the Methodist Church, occupied the chair. Rev. A. Burwash, S. T. D., Chancellor of the University, delivered one of his characteristically eloquent addresses in reviewing the life of the late Senator Macdonald, and Mr. H. A. Massay unveiled the portrait. Rev. John Potts, D.D., reviewed the life of Mr. Wm. Gooderham and Mr. Geo. A. Cox, after adding a few words of eulogy on the upright business life of the deceased, unveiled the portrait. Mr. Wm. Mulock, M.P., Vice-Chancellor of the University of Toronto, made touching references to his relations with the deceased, especially with Senator Macdonald, with whom in political and social as well as educational matters he was closely connected. Vice-Chancellor Kerr of our own University was received with tremendous applause by the undergraduates, and his earnest wishes for the success of new Victoria were cheered to the echo. Mr. J. W. L. Forster, to whom the execution of these works of art was entrusted, has deserved admirably and produced "speaking likenesses" of the deceased noble men.

Another graduate of Victoria has been winning laurels for himself in post graduate work abroad. We refer to Mr. R. J. Holland, B.A., '87, who went to the University of Leipzig, Germany, three years ago to pursue a post graduate course in natural science. He has just completed his course by attaining to the degree of Ph.D. with high honors. Immediately on his return here was offered him a position in Clark University, Worcester, Mass., which he has accepted. Victoria congratulates him on his great success.

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**MRS. CROCKER'S NEW BOOK**

Aut or of "Proper Pride," Family Likeness, &c.

**"A THIRD PERSON"**

A smart and racy story is "A Third Person," just issued in the International series Canadian Copyright Novels. It possesses all the vivacity and humor so characteristic of its author, Mrs. B. M. Crocker. It is a story of love and marriage, full of strikingly funny situations. On sale to-day at John P. McKenna's, Bookseller, 80 Yonge St., near corner King. This tale is one of clever devices and fortunate hits in plot and character, and it is as refreshing as the bright wit of a clever woman.

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**S. W. COR. YONGE and QUEEN**

**T**HE intention is to give a word of dress trimmings, for pleasing as may be the dress goods selected the effect is lost without suitable trimmings.

Feather Trimmings, wire 50c., for 25c.

Silk Gimpes, all colors, and Buchines, regular price, 40s.

50s. and 60s., marked down to 25c.

Military Braids, in black and colored, in all widths, from

1/4 inch to 5 inches, in 5 different patterns.

Mohair Edgings, in imitation of fur trimming, in black and

white, selling, at 15s. and 25s., regular price 35s.

and 50s.

Astrachan Trimmings, in black, cream and gray, in all

widths, from 10s. per yard to 40s.

Black Silk and Jet Gimpes in tassel and bead, from 10s. to 25s. per

yard. These gimpes comprise all the newest designs

for fall trimming.

Smallwares containing all the newest novelties in Dress

and Mantle Buttons, from the smallest size to the very

largest, in metal, jet and pearl.

Black Satins (40s. per yard) for the bottom of dress

skirts, in black and all colors, in 1s. 2s. and 3 inches

wide.

Have we told you of the Fan

Veil, the newest American novelty,

and so complete that everyone is catching on at once? Price

for perfect veil, 25c.

It matters not what you want, the mail system of

the house secures to the most distant shopper

goods of any department.

**R. SIMPSON**

S. W. COR. YONGE and QUEEN | Entrance Yonge Street.  
Streets, Toronto. New Annex 170 Yonge Street.

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leaning back in his chair and placing both hands on the wooden table before him, "because it don't do for those things to get too well known, but I've told it to Lawyer Olcott, and I tell it to you, for you likes to listen."

"He was interested by the coarse laugh from one of the men who had been playing cards with him and who had not left the room."

"Why, you tell it every night, Jerry, as soon as you get a bit on," one of them remarked.

Jerry broke out into a desperate obfuscation of their folly.

"I've told it to nobody but Lawyer Olcott," he said, thumping the table with his hand, "and I will tell it to but Lawyer Olcott and his friends. Dye think I want to ruin all my chances! I'll keep my story to myself, I will, and I'll have my revenge before long, if the man who killed my girl is still to be found by land or sea. But he's gone down into the water, same as my girl went, and may God's curse be heavy on his soul until the judgment day."

The man was evidently half drunk, but there was a certain solemnity in which he pronounced the last few words which impressed his hearers. The men shrugged their shoulders and loafed away out of the room, leaving Felix and Mr. Olcott to listen to Strangways' story.

The single candle that had been fixed into a bottle standing on the mantel-shelf flickered and guttered in the draught, and cast long shadows on the filthy walls of the close little room. Sitting there in the semi-darkness, Felix felt a certain weirdness in the scene which led him, perhaps, to attach more importance to Mr. Strangways' story than it would otherwise have attained in his eyes.

(To be Continued.)

#### For Nervousness

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. W. C. Hanscome, Minneapolis, Minn., says: "I used it in a case of acute rheumatism, during convalescence; the particular symptoms I wished to relieve were sleeplessness and nervousness, and the results were all I desired."

#### A Little Mixed.

The session had just been started, And not wishing to be rude, He asked in a whisper, softly, "Is this pie occupied?"

#### A Puny and Fretful Baby.

This is now quite unnecessary! Like many others, you may have your baby fat, laughing and happy, if you give it Scott's Emulsion. Babies take it like cream.

#### Wilhelm's Kindness.

The consideration and kindness which the German Emperor shows for Bismarck is not very great, when it is taken into consideration that Bismarck furnished most of the grandeur which the Emperor enjoys. William would have been small potatoes if it had not been for Bismarck. Offering the faithful servant the use of any of his palaces is, under the circumstances, somewhat equivalent to the kindness of the traveler who, finding himself and dog in a

wild country and out of provisions, cut off the dog's tail, boiled it for supper, giving the poor quadruped the bone.—*Texas Sitings.*

#### English Opinion

A writer in *Herapath's London, England, Railway and Commercial Journal*, of February 6, 1892, in an article on American Railroads, says:

"The railway system of America is vast. It extends to 171,000 miles, which, compared with our 20,000 miles, is big."

After commenting at considerable length on the comparative merits of various American railroads he closes with this remarkable sentence:

"The New York Central is no doubt the best line in America, and a very excellent line it is, equal probably to the best English line."

#### A Logical Deduction.

"Her, even can't be a place of rest and peace," remarked Mr. Henpeck, putting down the paper he was reading.

"What makes you think heaven will not be a place of rest and peace?" asked Mrs. Henpeck snappishly.

"Because Dr. Talmage says there will be three women to one man in heaven.—*Texas Sitings.*

#### To Columbian Exposition

Via the Wabash vestibuled trains running to Chicago every day in the year, are the finest known to the railway service. They are complete and solid vestibuled from end to end, the entire train being a moving palace of connected apartments. All Wabash trains stop at Englewood, near 60th street entrance to the World's Fair; electric cars direct to grounds every five minutes. Get your tickets via Detroit and the banner route. J. A. Richardson, Canadian Passenger Agent, north-east corner of King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

#### In the Cherokee Strip.

"Hello, Bill, how do you happen to be here?" "Traded a return ticket to New York for a farm."

"What are you doing now?" "Waiting for some other d—d fool with a return ticket.—Life."

#### Harvest Excursions

On August 22, September 12 and October 11, 1893, the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co. will sell tickets at standard single fare plus \$2 for the round trip from Chicago to points in Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming and to points in Manitoba as far as and including Brandon. For rates of fare, timetables and full information send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian passenger agent Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, No. 87 York street, Toronto, Ont.

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at the door, "there's company in the parlor."

"How do you know?" enquired Willie.

"Mamma's calling papa 'my love.'—"Till Bits.

#### His Honor Convinced.

It has not been so very long since the old English court rules passed out of observance, and when they were in vogue nowhere were they observed more strictly than in South Carolina. The rules provided that a lawyer when he spoke in court must wear a black gown and coat, and that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword. On one occasion a lawyer named Pettigruer arose to speak in a case on trial.

"Mr. Pettigruer," said the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak, sir."

"Oh, your honor," Pettigruer replied, "may it please the court, I conform to the law."

"No, Mr. Pettigruer," declared the judge, "you have on a light coat. You cannot speak."

"But, your honor," insisted the lawyer, "you misinterpret. Allow me to illustrate: The law says that the barrister must wear a black gown and coat, does it not?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"And does your honor hold that it means that both gown and coat must be black?"

"Certainly, Mr. Pettigruer, certainly, sir," answered his honor.

"And the law further says," continued Mr. Pettigruer, "that the sheriff must wear a cocked hat and sword, does it not?"

"Yes, yes, Mr. Pettigruer," the court answered somewhat impatiently.

"And do you mean to say, your honor," queried Pettigruer, "that the sword must be 'cocked as well as the hat?'"

"Eh?—er?—h'm," mused his honor. "You—continue your speech, Mr. Pettigruer."—*Courier Journal.*

#### Correspondence Coupon

The above Coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following Rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the Editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quotations, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosures unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

SORRY—Please take a few years to grow up. Your writing shows traits which would horribly you. They're not you at all.

SWEAR VIOLET—If this is intended as a graphological study, I must ask my correspondent to excuse me. I really cannot delineate a child's writing. There is no more character in it than in a blank paper. Wait, my pretty posie, wait.

NORMA—Your writing is not informed enough to give you a satisfactory reading. You have ambition to rise, sense of humor, great curiosity and an inquiring mind. You are honest and sincere, careful and anxious for perfection, but you have not at all reached maturity in your various traits.

TOUCH—No such rule exists, there is no necessity for it. 2. You are a better fellow than your *nom de plume* and somewhat over open to outer influences. Your will is shaky and your disposition a little capricious. You have ability but lack force and decision to develop it. Brace up, my gypsy friend, and put energy and character into yourself; then I'll find it in your writing. You are both good-tempered and forgiving, so I'm not a bit afraid of you.

TID, CARLETON PLACE—1. I give you address, as your *nom de plume* has rather puzzled me. 2. You are very talkative and have no idea of keeping a secret. Your manner is vivacious, and you are candid and averse to double-dealing in any form. You lack tact and are prone to judge hastily and sometimes foolishly. I think it had better not dislodge your character until your writing takes on more character. Please wait.

MONA—I. If you had no answer to your former letter, it was because it was not received by me. 2. You are quick in temper, smart and active, fond of company and a clever sort of person, self-assertive, constant, a little faulty in method, but earnest in wish to do right; honesty, frankness and square dealing are good traits, as well as a certain sense of humor. Perhaps your name may betray your extraction. I don't think your letter was long and will be glad to hear from you if you ever need information I can furnish.

ELIZABETH CLARINDA—A rather bright mind, honest, sense of honor, and a very amiable disposition are shown. You are careful and discreet, and at times caustic, not a person making indiscriminate friendships; with a light but constant purpose, capacity for much affection, rather a being to be led than to lead. You can turn to many occupations, having good facility, and your mind is generous and forgiving. You should make a noble woman, as you no doubt do. A very little more decision would be an advantage to you, as your will needs strength to be at its good.

SORROW—I think you are ridiculous. Why on earth should you want to be a man, when you have the glorious privilege of being a woman? You deserve to weep for whispering such ankles. You say you know I prefer to study men's writing, clever child! How did you find out? Well, I'll tell you the reason I because I never caught one of them wishing he was a woman! There is no artistic excellence shown in your writing, but there are several very good qualities. You could not steal or tell a lie; honesty, and truth shine in your lines. For the rest your hand is only forming and wouldn't give a fair study.

DODDIT—I think you'd make a fine teacher. You stick to an idea and are so persistent and dogmatic. Don't you love to impart facts to those in need? Now, I am not laughing at you. I can almost see you teaching, but perhaps it is the last thing you want to see about. Your nature is strong, fast, rather able, conscientious, and while careless over small details you are fit to grasp at large affairs.

You are bound to improve yourself; no need to ask you to do so. You are just a little serious in manner and sometimes rather lacking in perspicacity. But you have a fine, useful, honest character and generous and sensible views. I wish you every success.

COCKNEY—I do hope the change has benefited you, and that our Canadian climate has worked a cure. It is very hard to be laid aside by physical inability, and pain is weary bear. 2. Your writing shows great independence and self-reliance, energy, quick wit and no end of courage. Your temper is good, but somehow I think you care too much for appearances. You have perseverance, capacity for much affection, some idealism and decided force of character. I think you are reverent of all things sacred and have the true idea of life's responsibilities. A very great

dislike to be disturbed, and a strong clinging to old ways and traditions seems yours. Your letter was not dismal. I should like you to write again.

C.D.H.—1. There's no trade secret about the matter.

Copying to a certain extent formalizes the writing as reciting influences the natural tone. I don't quite understand your question. There is no reason given that I ever noticed. 2. Your writing shows much self-will and some independence of thought, a little carelessness and a very persevering purpose. Your will is not very marked, and you are apt to like novelty in certain matters. Very good temper, with a spice of quiet obstinacy, is yours. You are a trifle communicative and not always restrained by tact and sense. A slight impatience and a taste of discontent are yours. You do not care for the small elegancies of life, nor are you sentimental. At the same time your mind is logical and your judgment good.

PENSO, PORT HOPE—Your questions are anything but foolish. 1. It depends upon the girl and the man. There are girls who should not go unchaperoned, and there are men who also need watching. Opinions must be guided by circumstances. Among very particular people, driving about with young men is never allowed as an unchaperoned amusement. 2. When a person is tired of reading novels, what should they turn to? History, biography, essays on some subject which is of general interest. Ask your bookseller for his catalogue and look over such works and select one you think will interest you. Then stick to it from title to finish. 3. Your writing shows refinement, honor, care, perseverance and discretion. It is not a striking study.

RADWAY—1. I don't know why we should start the sub-

"Is Marriage a Failure." You are the second who has suggested it, but the thing is not to be done. If it is a failure we don't want to talk about it; if it isn't, we ought not to suggest the idea. As to your remark that SATURDAY NIGHT alone, of all the Toronto papers, has not discussed it so fully, should need no more discussion. It is nice of you to say pretty things of SATURDAY NIGHT. Thank you. We all try to make a creditable sheet. 2. Your writing has much character, but lacks finish and freedom. You are orderly, careful, original and a trifle combative; your self-esteem is good, you are just and honest, lack intention, and your mind is not attuned to the pitch of which it is capable. With your natural cleverness and energy you should be a better study. Your affection is strong, and your temper is a little bit sensitive. You have ambition and should work hard to reach your goal.

BARTON—1. And so you were keeping house when you wrote me, little woman. I think it was lovely of you to pack the tired mother off for a holiday. How did things go? If they went anything like your writing, Lord help them! Why, it goes every way, and shows up all the pretty little erratic ways and fashions of you. Whisper a moment and I'll tell you something: the very prettiest and daintiest woman in Toronto writes worse than you do; every time I see her and think of her writing it makes me laugh; it made her laugh too when I told her about it. 2. You are fond of ease and comfort and your friends in a marked degree, and you haven't a particle of tact or

fineness, but you are bright, hopeful and very companionable; you would die of loneliness sooner than of starvation. You are a little idealistic, somewhat romantic, and sincere and honest in your speech, of which there is a good deal. I think you rather cling to conventionalities and like the good old ways; you are constant though not very decisive, but I think you need time to develop you. You may certainly write again; please do so.

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## THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND H. SHEPPARD - - Editor.

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## To the Rescue of Chinese Gordon.

CANADIAN VOYAGEURS WITH WOLESLEY'S EXPEDITION UP THE NILE IN 1884.

Canadians have very little in the way of military history to boast of. Some of us had ancestors among the United Empire Loyalists or among the gallant men who later (1812-15) convinced the Americans on a dozen different fields that Canadians although untrained and poorly equipped could fight bravely in defence of their homes. Some of our grandfathers took part in the Mackenzie Rebellion and are now canonized as patriots and heroes whichever side they fought upon. Some of our fathers arose at the wild alarm of '67 to repel the Fenian invasion, but found small opportunity for garnering glory in that affair. Some of us ate hard tack and tramped hundreds of miles after invisible enemies during the Riel Rebellion of 1885, but altogether our wars and military achievements since 1812 have been few and insignificant. Innumerable writers have written books and articles upon all these affairs, but one particular military undertaking in which Canada bore a conspicuous part has been so far entirely passed over.

In 1884 General Gordon—the intrepid Christian soldier of England—was beleaguered within the walls of Khartoum by the hosts of the False Prophet, and an expedition under General Wolseley was despatched to his relief. The Nile with its cataracts, heretofore impassable to Europeans, presented the most direct route, and Lord Wolseley asked the Horse Guards to instruct the Governor-General of Canada to engage four hundred Canadian rivermen to undertake the perilous task of carrying the expedition through the cataracts of the Nile. Lord Melgund, the Marquis of Lansdowne's military secretary, was commissioned to engage the men, the same Lord Melgund who, the following year, organized a band of scouts to do service under his personal leadership during the Riel Rebellion. The four hundred men, fifty Indians engaged by Col. Kennedy of Winnipeg, and the three hundred and fifty whites, were placed under command of Col. Fred. C. Denison of Toronto, who had served under General Wolseley in the first Red River Rebellion, with Capt. Aumand of the Governor-General's Foot Guards of Ottawa, second in command. When the time for departure came, the Indians whom Col. Kennedy had enlisted claimed that they had done so, understanding that he was going along, and such was his sense of honor that he practically sacrificed the Registrarship of Winnipeg and went, and died in a manner at once melancholy and gallant.

The voyageurs sailed in the chartered steamship Ocean King, arriving at the Port of Alexandria on the 8th of October, 1884. They were at once forwarded to the front, where the main body tarried. They were towed in rear of steamers to Wadi Halfa. At the second cataract above Wadi Halfa the whole outfit was delayed for some time awaiting orders from the British Government. The delay the Tories charged to the vacillation of Mr. Gladstone, who was then in power, and this the voyageurs believed.

The enlistment of Canadians had been for six months, and the time had about elapsed in December if the men were to be returned in the prescribed limit as arranged. Volunteers were called for, and between seventy and eighty re-enlisted to see the campaign through, however long it might prove. The majority of these pushed forward with Earle's column to within short distance of Abu Hamed, when definite news was received of Gordon's death and the massacre of his entire garrison.

The expedition returned forthwith to Korbi, at the great bend of the Nile, which had been selected as a base of operations. The Canadians proved invaluable on the trip. General Brackenbury has said that it was humanly possible to ascend the Nile in comparative safety without the Canadians, but it would have been impossible to descend without them.

The British Government entertained the voyageurs handsomely at Cairo for a few days. At Suez on the Red Sea they embarked upon the steamer Serapis, landed for a day at Malta, thence to Portsmouth, London, Wellington Barracks, and home to Canada.

This is an outline story of the trip. It has never been written up by a Canadian. Charles Lewis Shaw, a lawyer by profession, but whose love of adventure had led him to penetrate into the Ottawa river country and the Northwest Territories until he became an expert riverman and could run a rapid with the best of them, was attracted by the stirring nature of the enterprise and enlisted as a voyageur. He went through it all, running his boat down the cataracts of the Nile, and roughing it like an Indian. When volunteers were called for to see the campaign through, he was among the seventy odd men who stepped forward from the ranks of the four hundred. In the Christmas number of SATURDAY NIGHT this year he writes up his reminiscences of the trip, handsomely illustrated by A. H. H. Heming and Miss Ethel Palin and English artists. SATURDAY NIGHT pledges its word that Mr. Shaw's account of this trip is equal in humor to anything Mark Twain or Rudyard Kipling ever wrote. It is a masterpiece and the most notable piece of humor ever written in Canada. The story is rich also in description, tragedy and eloquence. It is sure to convulse the country with laughter and create a sensation such as no other series of articles has done. You can imagine the sensations of

Canadian backwoodsmen among the storied scenes, the vast temples and sublime ruins of Egypt and the Nile. Among such companions this one man with his knowledge of ancient and modern history found such food for his humor to feed upon as no man's wit ever fed upon before. His description of how a Canadian officer hammered a toe off an Egyptian god in his search for mementoes is a matchless bit of satire. The encounter of Voyageur No. 113 with Lord Charles Beresford, the rush with which the Canadians captured and looted a Bash-Bazouk village while Wolseley and the army were getting ready to take it in approved military fashion, the cross-country race between voyageur Lewis and the Arabian rooster, the way the voyageurs turned Cairo upside down and drank its wineshop dry to the terror of the inhabitants and the undying glory of Canada, these and countless other things are described by Mr. Shaw as he alone can describe them.

The interest excited by these reminiscences of the Nile expedition has already caused the advance orders for our Christmas Number to far exceed any previous year, and we now foresee that when the Number is put on sale we will have to send a second edition to press. With feelings of more than usual pride we will put our Christmas Number into circulation this year.

## The Drama.

IT IS hard to say what opinion theatrical people have of Canada. Of course it does not much matter to the country what opinion they may have, for their opinions are largely formed from a box-office and foot-light view of the situation. In small country villages there have been cases where citizens have stepped up and patronized a nutshell fakir just to give him a good impression of the place and prevent him from sneering at it as a "dead joint" in the other villages along his path. That is the extreme of sensitiveness. If there is anything more absurd than to see a young man who considers himself an actor standing on a corner, squirting tobacco juice in all directions, and to hear him with much profanity and slang-class Toronto as a jay town, because the show

generous thing to do, but not overly wise, for Jeers at once mingled with the cheers. Mr. Downing's own acting had called forth. I cannot recollect ever having seen anyone on the stage who, while possessing the bearing of an actor, failed so thoroughly to put the least shade of meaning into his lines. The thin-legged and frightened "supers" who represented the fickle populace of Rome, with eyes agape like saucers, fearing they should miss a tip to surge forward or "holler," these may now claim to be actors. Iclius, too, was weak, and Dentatus died none too soon if he wished to survive in our respect.

Presenting legitimate dramas, Robert Downing would draw good houses if he carried competent support. But his support is unutterably weak, despite the fact that he advertises its strength as one of his attractions. After sitting through an evening under his company, the Montreal and Toronto papers as a rule reiterated the atrocious statement, and this is why I say that theatrical people are bound to feel a contempt for Canada. The Canadian route will become a practice ground for amateurs, a walled-in pasture for those laughed off the stage elsewhere, unless the press becomes conscious of its shame.

We add this week to our Gallery of Leading Elocutionists the portrait of Miss Marguerite Dunn, a young lady of the most delicate taste and charming personality. Miss Dunn is quite the vogue as teacher in elocution, dramatic art and Delsarte physical culture, and as a public entertainer has a polished ease greatly to be envied. She is a graduate of the National School of Elocution and Oratory, Philadelphia, and, in fact, has secured the highest praise in that city and Chicago. Those who have heard her recite in public will have been struck with the fact that she possesses the diversified power of being equally at ease in humorous, tragic and pathetic pieces. Nothing better than her Leah the Forsaken could well be asked. It is instinct with power, and her black tresses and thrilling dark eyes fit her singularly well for the tragic piece. It has remained for her to exalt The Gypsy Flower Girl into an elocutionary gem. These are two of her selections



MISS MARGUERITE DUNN, THE ELOCUTIONIST.

in which he appears fails to draw a house—if there is anything more absurd than this it has so far escaped me. It never dawns upon this vulgar party that he and his show are at fault. It is the town that is wrong. But I am not going to talk about the vulgar class of actors. That the better class of actors can have a good opinion of Canada, from what they see of it, is next to impossible. The slavish way in which the press, without discrimination, praises everything that comes along, must inspire the contempt of these passing strangers. Take Robert Downing for instance. His company was praised in Montreal and again in Toronto, yet the downright fact of the matter is that when Downing himself and Edmund Collier and Eugenia Blair are counted out, not another in the company has ever been heard of before or ever will be heard of again without causing a pain of anguish to shoot through those who have seen them this season. Robert Downing himself, with a thoroughly good support, would pass well enough without winning particular honors. Edmund Collier is all right, and Eugenia Blair will do, but when these three attempt to stonewall for the deficiencies of all the other actors in a cast, they essay too much. No one of the three is big enough to do more than answer satisfactorily for himself or herself. Mr. Downing does not seem to have put Canada on his regular route until he had gathered together a company of carefully selected incapables. On his last visit his people were fair, but now—now, I shrink from even naming them for slaughter. Did you witness the tragedy of Virginia? That was a tragedy, for not only did Virginia and Dentatus die, Appius Claudius undergo strangulation, and Virginia go mad, but Art, after long torture and untold agonies, was most foully murdered. Robert Downing is a son of Art, and although his was not the assassin's hand, yet he was accessory before and after the fact. Therein consists his crime. He must have seen Numitorus wave his arms, wiggled-waggedly, and ask, "Will she swear that she is her mother?" He must have seen this same man several times during the play, and he could never set eyes on him without undergoing a spasm. And Lucifer, too, who is a namesake of his and presumably a relative, he must have seen him, for on being vociferously called before the curtain at the end of a spirited act he led this young man forth by the hand to share the honor of applause. It was a

that created no end of interest among those who were fortunate enough to hear her last year. Miss Dunn is connected with the Toronto College of Music but has time for a limited number of engagements outside, and to this fact we are indebted for the treat of next Tuesday evening, November 7, when she will give a recital in Association Hall, Yonge street, presenting a programme of the most varied sort. D'Alessandro's orchestra will render some selections specially reserved for the occasion. The plan of the hall for this recital is at Nordheimer's and the sale of seats opens to-day at 10 a.m.

Hopkins' Trans-Oceans constitute a variety show of the best kind. It is a variety show and does not pretend to be a melodrama, and I like its honesty and I like its varieties. There is nothing more inartistic and revolting to good taste than the attempt so often made to patch a lot of varieties together and call the result a melodrama. Confound the farce and may it perish from off the earth! This is my malediction upon it. Hopkins' people are clever. I only managed to see the latter half of the show, but can testify that Kara is a wonderful juggler, that De Bersaill, the clay modeler, gives a most unique and laughable performance, and that the Dixon brothers in their musical specialties are both funny and clever without being at all indelicate.

MACK.

The Johnson-Smyly recital in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last was considerably more than an ordinary event, both in point of attendance and in the nature of the programme. Miss Johnson and Mr. Smyly during the evening recited pieces of their own composition only, and the applause secured did not merely commend them as elocutionists, but praised them as authors. Every piece on the programme was encored, which constitutes a great double triumph for these author-actors. It is not every writer of prose or poetry whose work meets with such a reception. Miss Johnson is well known as the Indian poetess—a name by which she may long survive, but as a poet or prose writer Mr. Smyly is comparatively unknown, though his compositions read by him on Tuesday evening showed that he had fun and vigor of conception in some degree. His best pieces were: Behind the Screen, his adaptation of The Winner of Waterloo, and

that tragic affair, The Death Watch of the Bastille. He is perhaps best in humorous pieces, as Miss Johnson is in stirring selections from her own works, the fierce battle hymns of her people. On Tuesday evening she excelled herself in The Cattle Thief and The White Wampum.

Miss Lauretta A. Bowes' recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last called out one of the most select audiences of the season, and Miss Bowes was at her very best. The opening number was The Pilot's Tale, by Howells; then followed selections from Locksley Hall and Macbeth, Lowell's The Rose, the Village Seamstress, and a scene from Lew Wallace's Ben Hur. This is apart from the encores, which were frequent and graciously responded to. Apart from her treatment of the letter scene from Macbeth, and perhaps the clever dialect work of the Village Seamstress, I was most pleased, however, by her concluding performance of statue posing from the Greek. In this Miss Bowes was past mistress and unsurpassed. Mr. J. D. A. Tripp also took part in the recital, but his performance comes under the purview of our musical editor.

The Chip o' the Old Block is just the kind of a play to suit anyone who does not wish to exercise his ingenuity in unraveling an intricate plot or fathoming "a dark and deep mystery." The piece is the same old story; girl found on doorstep; in reality an heiress; taken care of by the old salt; wicked uncle enjoying her wealth; the same uncle discovering the said heroine, carries her off to New York, where he intends to get rid of her; document proving everything; villain finally foiled; God Save the Queen. The various actors shine most in the variety part of the entertainment, which was good. A. L. Scott is particularly amusing in the second act when imitating the various characters he saw in a Bowery theater, I believe, and so is Charles R. Boyd, whose dancing was quite a feature of the play. Miss Leola Bell, as Pixie, is a clever soubrette, whose singing, dancing and personal appearance quickly made her a great favorite with the audience.

The attraction at the Grand next week will be in Darkest Russia, at Jacobs & Sparrow's, the Kimball Opera Company, with Corinne the star, and at the Academy Cracker Jack.

The Toronto Camera Club announce a grand stereopticon entertainment, illustrating the World's Fair, to be held in Association Hall on Thursday evening, November 9, under the direction of Mr. F. B. Whittemore. The beautiful buildings of the White City will be thrown on the screen with a realism unobtainable in any other way, and the fact of the lime light being in charge of Mr. Whittemore guarantees that part of the entertainment. A number of special views showing life on the celebrated Midway Plaisance have been expressly taken for the entertainment. This will be a great attraction. The plan opens at Suckling's on Tuesday morning.

Toronto's ranks of capable artists have been further increased by the arrival of Mr. Martin Clework, who has long held a foremost place amongst the elocutionists of Manchester, England, where he has followed the profession of a lawyer. Mr. Clework landed in Canada two months since on a visit to relatives, and Toronto has appeared to him in such a favorable light that he has decided to abandon the old country and the law and take up his residence here, turning his high histrionic abilities to good account. It is more than probable that Mr. Clework will be heard of in a satisfactory manner during the forthcoming season.

## A Bran Pie.

Alphonso, King of Aragon, attended by several of his courtiers, called at a jeweler's to inspect some of his wares. No sooner had he left the shop, than the proprietor came running after him and complained that he had been robbed of a diamond of great value. The King returned to the shop and ordered a large vessel filled with bran to be brought and placed on the counter. He then commanded each of his courtiers to insert his hand closed and then withdraw it open. He was the first to begin, and after all had had their turn he asked the jeweler to empty the vessel on the counter. By this means the diamond was recovered and nobody was disgraced.—*La Lecture*.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair; What music they murmur the summer day long; Their foliage singing rich rustlings, ringing In whisper'd support to the wild bird's sweet song.

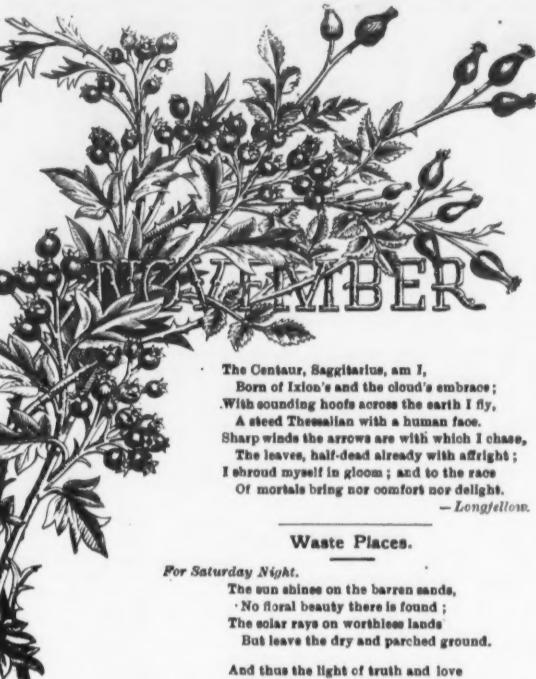
The trees of Toronto are many and fair; What beauties in Autumn their bowers unfold; Hues varied and burnish'd, ten-thousand tints turning, They flame with rose, orange, pink, purple and gold.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair; What tremulous phantoms they fling on the snow, When the frigid moon shines through their fretted design. Encrolling weird shadows fantastic below.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair; They shelter the living, watch over the dead, Fall, graceful and stately, they comfort us greatly, When long since in silence their planters have fled.

The trees of Toronto are many and fair, I would that above me their gentle forms wave In peaceful profusion, the only illusion,

Good angels may find to a wanderer's grave. —*ANNIE E. LEWIS*



The Centaur, Sagittarius, am I,  
Born of Ixion and the cloud's embrace;  
With sounding hoofs across the earth I fly,  
A steed Thessalian with a human face.

Sharp winds the arrows are with which I chase,  
The leaves, half-dead already with affright;  
I shroud myself in gloom; and to the race  
Of mortals bring no comfort nor delight.

—Longfellow.

## Waste Places.

For Saturday Night.  
The sun shines on the barren sands,  
No floral beauty there is found;  
The solar rays on worthless lands  
But leave the dry and parched ground.

And thus the light of truth and love  
That shines upon the callous heart,  
Will not to virtuous actions move,  
Nor any kindly grace impart.

As rains fall on the rock's hard crest,  
Not leaving any impress there,  
So tears ne'er move the miser's breast  
To listen to the suppliant's prayer.

Even though the soil and climate's good,  
And all the season's influence fair,  
The fields unthilled no crops afford,  
For naught but weeds will flourish there.

'Tis thus though talents rare obtain,  
And every means of culture given,  
Neglected and unused they're vain,  
And serve no good for earth or heaven.

Walkerston.

E. S.

## Sweet Doubt.

For Saturday Night.  
How oft amid the gloom of storm-filled nights,  
Which else would crush the strongest human heart,  
Sweet doubts steals in and tempts the flickering lights  
And bids at least the half our woes depart.

How oft, when earthly hopes and vain desires  
In smouldering ruins lie along our way,  
Sweet doubts again steals up and stirs the fires  
And bids the heart be strong till break of day.

How oft, when idols that our souls pursue  
Have lost the glories that have crazed the brain,  
Doubt, ever near us, bids us hope anew—  
Hope that those withered flowers will bloom again.

And thus through life she follows in our wake,  
Creeps in our shadows an unwelcome guest,  
And when our spirits open their wings to take  
Their long last flight, she whispers, "Hope for rest."

—Percy A. GAHAN, B.A.

## Two Lockets.

For Saturday Night.  
It is all about two lockets,  
The daintiest hearts of gold,  
And mine belongs to great-grandma,  
And they say in cent'ry old.

It is set—this quaint old locket—  
With turquoise blue as the sea,  
Grandma's sweet face is within it,  
And they say she looks like me.

Jack Leigh has the other locket,  
But his is modern and new,  
And has a cluster of diamonds  
Which sparkle like drops of dew.

Now Jack is as nice as can be,  
We were good friends he and I,  
But now the friendship is ended,  
And this is the reason why :

He spoke one day of our lockets—  
Said mine threw his in the shade,  
But would I, just for a little,  
Do him the favor to trade?

To trade my

Nov. 4, 1893

## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

7

## Between You and Me.

**N**OW that the long winter evenings are growing space a good many people are finding time for culture, which the heat, the temptations of the lazy summer evenings or the racket of the summer resort had for the time banished. What do you mean by culture? asked a correspondent the other day. Developing and storing the mind, disciplining the temper, caring for the body, making all that can be made of ourselves, for ourselves and for others—that is culture, and one cannot truly call anyone cultured who neglects any one of these points any more than one could grow a fine plant without one of its true needs, light, heat and moisture. Culture is not a mad chasing after 'isms and 'ologies, nor a speaking with many tongues, nor a mastery of divers kinds of music, nor a using of long words, as so many act if they believed it to be. Culture takes plenty of thought, lots of common sense, many failures and the reward of the gods when one begins to attain to it. You and I may become cultured, but it takes time and an all-round effort and constant receptiveness and discipline. Boston culture is exalted and excellent, but the mind gets too much ascendancy, and the heart and the soul are not in it. I don't think anyone ever accused a Boston person of spirituality in particular, and their physical development isn't extra fine. In matters of the mind they inspire awe and respect, but are a trifle out of proportion. Culture includes more than knowledge, and too much knowledge is a dangerous thing as well as too little.

For the busy people I meet every day, culture is most difficult. The vagrant mind, beset on every side, cannot give itself to thought and consideration. Therefore the first step to culture must be to get the vagrant mind under better control. A habit of thought, persistent reasoning out, just to one's own self, will grow quickly and bring forth repose. And then we'll come dips into science, languages, 'ologies and 'isms not too deep but very bracing, and under this regime the mind will develop and expand, and as we feel our steadier, firmer foothold on the shifting scene we will know the comfort of one part of culture. The beautiful will be fairer, the good better, to grace of mind will come grace of form and feature, for the soul is so strong and powerful that it can even alter the face it looks through. And in answer to my correspondent, I would say that by lack of culture one may mean the lack of any of the things I have mentioned, or the unruly will, the undisciplined temper, the greed or the avarice, the sunny or the shady view of life in excess, the prejudice, the bigotry, the narrowness which, alas, one must encounter now and then. Let no book worm, failing on these lines, pride him or herself upon his or her culture. It is all on one side and looks worse the larger it grows.

That one never knows what may happen was forcibly illustrated on Saturday evening last, when we started out to view the far-famed America, with which Imre Kiraly has charmed the minds and visions of the children of the Union. It is a play distinctly for them, and in spite of its pretty frocks, graceful dances and beautiful scenery would be apt to bore anyone else. Chicago and her guests have very different taste in shows, and a good many foreigners mildly wondered at the crowds which America draws. We had bought our seats, good front ones as we were assured, and gone about the Fair all day with minds at rest, and only anxious to be home in time for our bodies to be in like happy condition before we started for the Auditorium. We entered the fine corridor and showed our checks. "Upstairs," said the usher; we went up one flight. "Upstairs," said the next usher; another weary climb. "Upstairs," was still the cry! We remonstrated. The usher walked away with a significant finger pointing heavenward. We climbed again. "Upstairs," "Great Christopher Columbus," I exploded, "how many more are there?" The next one took our checks and gravely marched us to the next to the last row under the roof. And after that we can never love Chicago, for its ticket-sellers are liars, and we paid front-seat prices for a perch among the very smallest of tin gods! And what was some consolation, everyone around us had gone and done likewise. That top gallery was an Emerald Isle of greenhorns, and verily the ticket scalpers had devoured them.

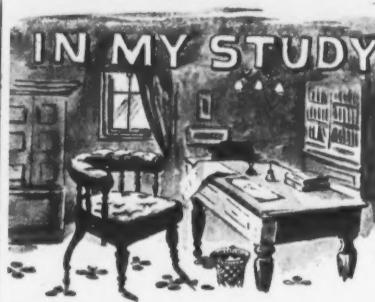
Then when we came out the paralyzing news of the assassination of Chicago's mayor was clattering through the streets. Extras were peddled and people fought for them, and we knew as soon as we caught the first word that the merry closing which we had come to see would not be as people had planned, a blaze of light and glory, but instead the Fair would go out on tip-toe, as it were, and with crapes instead of banners, and tears instead of fireworks. And so it did. Though the throngs of people were there, the place was silent; no bands, no songs, no fireworks; over the hosts a cloud of depression and over their guests a decent quiet and sympathy. Only in the Midway Plaisance there was noise and riot and revelry. There did the tooting horn, and the clattering rattle, and the equalizing bladder and the giddy mouth organ make night hideous. Chicago's mongrel hordes possessed the place and displayed every phase of the true American tough and vulgarian. I left them in a very pandemonium at eight o'clock, and came rather crossly home, for the mongrel always rouses my ire. The closing of the Fair was Chicago's opportunity, but somehow it was lost, and though city people acquiesced in the dismal finale it was not universally acceptable.

LADY GAY.

**T**he Shortest Play in the World. A tragedy in one act: (The curtain rises on an amorous couple billing and cooing in a stylishly furnished drawing-room. To them enter first lover, in traveling costume, returning from distant journey. They hear him not. He throws his bag and umbrella, produces a revolver, and fires. Bang! The young lady sinks dead to the ground. Boom! The young gent falls. First lover steps nearer, adjusts eye-glass, and looks more closely.)

First Lover: Merciful heavens! I've got to the wrong house!

(Rapid fall of curtain).—Adapted from the French.



**U**HAT queer times these are, to be sure! We have been reading in the papers of late how the devotees of all kinds of faith and unfaith have been hob-nobbing at the Parliament of Religions in Chicago; how Roman Catholic Archbishops enlightened Buddhist priests—and vice versa—how men of all kinds of religion returned to their respective homes with the happiest impressions of men of other kinds of religion. We are all becoming very "Catholic" in the end of this century, though I fear our "Catholicity" is getting somewhat tangled.

And yet, while all this has been going on, and while "Toleration" has been so much vaunted by the theologians and philosophers at Chicago, we are informed by the same papers how Orthodoxy here and there is endeavoring to stamp out Heresy. Alas! for poor Prof. Campbell of Montreal! or should I say, alas! for the Presbyteries and Synods and Assemblies that have him in hand? Surely at this juncture there could be found some accommodating "medium" of a spiritualist circle—we might get one from Chicago, anyway—who would oblige us by raising the ghost of Robby Burns and letting him once more declaim:

"Orthodox, orthodox, who believe in John Knox,  
Let me sound an alarm to your conscience;  
There's a heretic blast has been blown in the wass.  
That what is no sense must be nonsense."

Again, I have just read of another most potent effort to stamp out heresy. I refer to the last article in the September number of *The Nineteenth Century* magazine. It is entitled "The Verdict of Rome on The Happiness in Hell, and is from the pen of Rev. Father Clarke, S. J. This verdict comes from the Congregation of the Holy Inquisition and the Sacred Congregation of the Index, ratified by the Most Holy Lord the Pope. This august manifesto, after specifying Prof. St. G. Mivart's well known essays on the painful subject named, says (p. 500): "Wherefore let no one henceforward, of whatever rank or condition, venture to publish in any place or language, or to read it published, or to keep in his possession, the aforesaid works thus condemned and proscribed, but let him be bound to hand them over," &c.

Oh, dear! oh, dear! What is a man to do, or think, or say, in these days? I wonder if the Parliament of Religions at Chicago will end in the Shinto pontiff putting the works of His Grace the R. C. Archbishop into his Index or the Fire-worshippers walking off the Baptists to their Inquisition? Things are getting so mixed up nowadays.

But to go back to *The Nineteenth Century* and Father Clarke's most painstaking effort to enlighten the world on the workings of the Holy Inquisition and the Sacred Congregation of the Index. Certainly, according to his account, these most august assemblies take the greatest possible pains to arrive at a conclusion. This conclusion is nicely adjusted, according to circumstances (pp. 494 and 495). It is "infallible and inerrant," or "pretty nearly so," or it "has great claims on us without being infallible." Again they are extremely careful to give the exact shade of error to each separate proposition of the dangerous work. "It may be that one of them is declared heretical, another proximate to heresy, a third erroneous, a fourth scandalous, a fifth offensive to pious ears, a sixth temerarious, and so on" (p. 492). Father Clarke does not tell us under which of these categories Prof. Mivart's opinions have been severally ranged. It is enough for us to know that they have been prescribed in bulk.

But I wonder what the faithful sons of the holy father, who have been in the habit of reading or taking in the *Nineteenth Century*, will do now. Will they have to cut those obnoxious essays out of their copies? If so, it will spoil the set for binding. Will they have to paste those pages together, so that they shall no longer see the light of day? Will they have to send word to the publishers, "Stop my copy of the magazine!" I wonder if every Roman Catholic subscriber to the *Nineteenth Century* should stop his subscription, whether it would break the editor? If so, I should be awfully sorry; I should miss that magazine.

I think, however, our Roman Catholic friends of the Index might give a hint or two to our Presbyterians as to their modes of procedure in "Heresy-hunting." Both processes, to judge by the reports, are equally cautious and equally exhaustive; but that of the Roman Church has the advantage in the matter of expedition. The deliverances of Professors Mivart and Campbell were, one may say, contemporaneous; yet the case of the former has been already disposed of satisfactorily, while Professor Campbell will not be put out of misery for months to come. Again the Presbyterians might learn from the Sacred Congregation of the Index to differentiate the shades of error in the utterances of the accused. Why could not we all be accurately informed which of Professor Campbell's propositions are "heretical," which are "offensive to ears polite—I mean plow," and which are simply "temerarious"? It would be a great comfort to know.

Again, there are the cases of Dr. Briggs and Professor Smith in the United States, which have been dragging their slow length along before the Presbyterian courts. It would be a great relief to many a weary and uneasy soul if the final ecclesiastical judgment on these two men should be that their deliverances were not positively heretical, but somewhat lower down the graduated scale. For I fear

## ROYAL WOMEN OF EUROPE.



XV.—H. M. The Queen of Roumania.

that the opinions of a vast number of Protestant clerics on some of these moot points in the present day are, to say the least of it, "temerarious."

Why did not the managers of the Parliament of Religions in Chicago invite the Holy Fathers of the Inquisition and the Sacred Congregation of the Index to share in the debates? If they could have met Dr. Briggs and the other "heretics" and had it out with them, then and there, it might have been of untold benefit to the world at large in its search for truth.

PARSON.

sudden a change in his plans.

As he stood there looking out across the undulating prairie he was conscious of another light appearing almost at right angles to the first, apparently a mile or so away. This light appeared to rise and fall as though it was being carried by somebody.

"A search party out after me, by Gad," said Blinker. "Shall I face the music or shall I run? Guess I'll have to," and having come to this conclusion he started forward to meet it.

But the light was further away than he had imagined, for in half an hour he had not come up with it. Again Blinker moved on, but he had not gone three hundred yards before he suddenly found himself confronted by a navy armed with a Winchester, doing guard duty for the strikers.

"Hands up," said the man, bringing his rifle to his shoulder.

"Pooh," said Private B., a sudden idea flashing through him. "What do you think I'm here for? Tired of the whole dang show I am; been looking for your camp this four hours. Where is it?"

"Be that so?" said the navy. "Going to join us."

"Yes," was Blinker's answer, and five minutes later saw him seated down by the striker, pumping him of all he knew, while through his mind there flashed a scheme by which he could turn the whole affair to his advantage.

It appeared that the strikers' camp was not a hundred yards away, but sheltered by a high mound on one side which shut them off from the prairie, and protected by the river on the other. They were in force, some four thousand of them in all, twice as many as the command sent against them had been given to understand, and what is more, they were well armed and desperate. Acting under the advice of a man named Reynolds, their ringleader, they had shifted their position some ten miles west of where the troops expected to find them, and that very night were going to sweep down upon the military and take them by surprise. How to get away and warn the officer in charge was Blinker's thought. Evidently his division had moved forward with the main body of the militia and volunteers, and they were all camped together. Chance or fortune turned in at something like 7 o'clock in the evening and at noon next day found himself roughly awakened by the sergeant.

"Come, turn out of this; you're wanted," yelled a voice in his ear.

Blinker turned over twice without opening his eyes and groaned. "What! What in the thunder's time? Can't you let a man alone?"

"Twelve—just struck twelve; get up, you sleepy head," said the sergeant, again shaking him violently.

"Might have knew it," replied the aggrieved Blinker. "What a nice slave-driving outfit this is, to get a man up in the middle of the night."

But the way Private Blinker obtained to the rank of corporal, in the face of a record full of misdemeanors arising all out of his affection for his pillow, was this:

A strike broke out among the men employed in constructing the line of the C. P. R. east of the Red River, and assumed serious proportions. The volunteers and militia were ordered out from Winnipeg to quash it, also several detachments of the Mounted Police, and among them the division to which Blinker belonged.

To reach the contractor's camp, the scene of the disturbance, as quickly as possible, it was necessary to make forced marches. The Mounted Police, at home at such work, pushed forward ahead of the main body, and on the third day out were within a few miles of the strikers' headquarters. That night Blinker was assigned to guard duty. Now, whether he fell asleep or not, or received a bang on the head from someone unknown that kept him still for a while, we are not prepared to say; sufficient it is for the purpose of this story if we relate that when Blinker came to and gazed up at the stars he found it was long past the hour when he should be relieved, and that his division had broken ground and moved forward, but in what direction he didn't know.

"Here's a blessed nice mess," said Private B. to himself. "All chance of a blooming rise has gone to pot this trip, and ninety days in quod, the best way I can figure it. How in the bl—d Harry did it happen?" But the otter he asked himself this question the less satisfaction did he get out of it. So he sat down to consider what was best to be done.

It was a fairly dark night, with a struggling infant moon that a bank of clouds kept well covered up. Some distance off to the right Blinker fancied he could discern a light, but whether it came from the camp of the strikers or his own party he couldn't say. There was nothing for him to do but to make an effort to rejoin his division before daylight broke, but in which quarter to look for them was the puzzle. Some important information must have reached the major in charge to cause so

and fallen asleep under some bush, Blinker," said the Major.

"Asleep, sir! What, me asleep?" in injured tones. "Oh, no! not this time."

HARRY DIX.

The Late Sir J. J. C. Abbott  
Ex-Premier of the Dominion.

## Music.

The Ladies' Choral Club will hold their first rehearsal for this, their fifth season, on Wednesday, November 6, at 3 p.m., at the residence of the conductress, Miss Hillary, 9 Gloucester street. A most interesting programme of high class work will be studied this year, embracing the following sacred compositions of standard classical and modern composers: Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater*; Spohr's *Jesus, Heavenly Master*, from his oratorio, *Calvary*; Mendelssohn's *O Lord, Thou Hast Searched Me Out*; Schubert's *The Lord is my Shepherd* and Brahms' *Ave Maria*. These exacting and interesting works, written exclusively for female voices, will constitute probably the most meritorious programme as yet offered by this excellent club during their five seasons of successful work.

I am this week enabled to present a forecast of work to be undertaken during the coming season in Halifax by the principal societies of that city. I have to thank a former resident of Halifax, now residing in Toronto, for his assistance in procuring the desired information, which I am compelled to admit justifies his claim that his old home compares favorably, musically, with the most enterprising of our Western cities. The Orpheus Society, under the direction of Mr. C. H. Porter, whom I can remember as a successful student in Leipzig, will produce, besides a number of minor works, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Barnett's *Ancient Mariner*, Schubert's *Unfinished Symphony*, and the Third Act of Reinecke's *King Manfred*. The Halifax Choral Club, under the direction of Mr. Hutchins, begin work this season under very favorable auspices and are studying Cowen's *Rose Maiden*, having in contemplation for their second concert Gaul's *Joan of Arc*. The Halifax Orchestra, which, under the direction of Herr Klingenberg, accomplished excellent work during the past two seasons, will be in the field this year under Prof. Max Weil, and have in preparation for their concerts several important classical and modern works. Although not directly in line with the special work I have been summarizing for the cities of the Dominion during the past few weeks, the Halifax Conservatory of Music, under Mr. Porter's direction, and the Daering Conservatory of Music, have become such powerful factors for good in their own locality that they deserve passing mention, representing, as I believe they do, the most important school of music in the country outside Toronto. The attendance at the Halifax Conservatory already aggregates three hundred pupils, which will give an idea of its importance as an institution. The British military bands stationed at Halifax play no small part in the musical life of that city. It will be noticed from the foregoing that the blue-noses are fully up to the times in musical enterprise and that musical effort in Halifax is on a firm basis.

Mr. W. E. Fairclough's second organ recital for this season will be held this afternoon at four o'clock at All Saints' church, Sherbourne street. An attractive programme has been prepared, including works by Bach, Hopkins, Mendelssohn, Best, Salome, Parker and Guilmant. Admission to these interesting recitals is free, a collection being taken up for the benefit of the choir fund of the church.

Mr. J. D. A. Tripp scored an excellent success at Miss Lauretta Bowen's elocutionary recital in St. George's Hall on Monday evening last in his several piano forte solos. One of his most successful efforts was his interpretation of the *Hollander March*, which was given with great brilliancy and effect. In response to an enthusiastic encore Mr. Tripp played Liszt's popular *Liebestraume*.

I am indebted to Mr. H. M. Field for copies of leading Boston papers containing critical notices of the work of Herr Paar as conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Herr Paar seems to have created a most favorable impression notwithstanding his greatest popularity of his predecessor, Herr Nikisch. Lead

ing musicians who have been interviewed generally express admiration for the new conductor and his methods, while the members of the orchestra are said to be thoroughly in sympathy with him, which is perhaps the best proof of his ability.

A Service of Song will be held in St. Peter's church next Thursday evening, November 9, under the musical direction of Mr. H. W. Webster. The service will commence at eight o'clock. The first part of the programme will consist of Spohr's cantata, *God, Thou Art Great*, for solo voices and chorus, while a miscellaneous selection of solos and anthems will make up the second part.

Mr. J. Lewis Browne's first concert will be given in Bond street Congregational church on Tuesday evening next. An excellent programme has been prepared, including trios for piano, violin and cello, by Beethoven and Judussohn, in which Mr. Browne will be assisted by Mr. John Bayley and Sig. Dinelli. Organ numbers by Mr. Browne, and vocal by Madame D'Auria, will make up the balance of what promises to be an exceedingly interesting programme.

Moderato.

"Blessed if we didn't think you had gone off up them before they had ridden a little further, "I can see where they are. We can steal right down upon them before they can—" The rest of his speech was cut short by John Erasmus Blinker dealing him a tremendous lick behind the ear, at the same time giving him a yank which pulled him from the horse he rode to that of his assailant.

"Oh, no," said Blinker; "couldn't think of it. No quod for me this time; a stripe recommendation to headquarters instead. Keep still, can't you?" giving the stunned figure before him another belt. "You go with me this way." And so he did, for he carried Reynolds plumb into the encampment lines, to the utter astonishment of officers and men.

"Blessed if we didn't think you had gone off

# NOTABLE EVENTS IN HISTORY.

NO. VIII.—FAMOUS DUELS.

When the northern barbarians overran the Roman empire, they introduced single combats as a proof of divine right and the ordeal was accordingly accompanied by religious ceremonies. The duel was formally legalized as a decisive test of right by Gundebold, king of the Burgundians, about the year 500, and Tacitus mentions the custom as prevailing extensively among the Germans previous to that date. Dueling was patronized by monarchs and by the church, although various monarchs did attempt to curb the practice from time to time. In 1386 one Jacques Legris was accused of violence to a lady. He denied the crime but was forced to accept the ordeal of battle as a test of guilt, was overcome, adjudged guilty and hanged. Subsequently another person confessed that he was the criminal and this made such a profound sensation that the judicial ordeal was abandoned. From this date the character of the duel underwent complete change and it became a means merely of obtaining satisfaction for an injury, especially an insult. Francis the First of France was the great first patron of the "duel for satisfaction," laying down the rule that "the lie was never to be put up with, without satisfaction, except by base-born fellows." Dueling ran riot in France in his reign and long after, also spreading over the continental countries and England.

When Henry III. of France died, one of his courtiers, anxious to make a display of his loyal grief, aware that he would not survive him, and threw a challenge into the air. Another lord picked it up and sent the spirit of the loyal one post-haste to join his master. Such were the little pleasantries of the French court in those days. Henry IV. always fought by deputy, claiming that there was no person of equal station with him in the kingdom, and therefore he could not with propriety engage in such a combat. This erudite gentleman as he dropped wreaths on the remains of one deputy after another, must have congratulated himself on the length of his head.

Dueling in France reached its height of savagery under Louis XIII. It was then the custom for the combatants to hold each other by the left hand, while with their right they cut and slashed one another with daggers or short swords. Such duels were bloody and brutal in the extreme, and frequently ended in the death of both parties. Another custom prevailed during the same period, of turning the combatants loose in a darkened room and allowing them to cut each other up.

A humorous incident is related in this connection. A gentleman had been challenged who was opposed to fighting and had no desire to take his opponent's life. Being the challenged party, he had choice of weapons and selected pistols, as they were quicker in action and less barbarous than the knife. On being



The duel between Randolph and Clay.

left alone with his antagonist in the darkened room, and desiring to convince him of his friendly intentions in the most emphatic manner, he groped his way to the fireplace and discharged his pistol up the chimney, but unfortunately brought down his antagonist, who had taken refuge there.

Napoleon was bitterly opposed to dueling, but public opinion forced him to tolerate it, although he expressed bitter contempt for those who engaged in it. Gustavus Adolphus was also opposed to dueling, and on one occasion erected a gallows for the party who should survive a certain combat; yet having struck an officer in a fit of passion he offered him "the satisfaction of a gentleman."

The first duel in America was fought between two serving men at Plymouth in 1621. They were tried and sentenced to be tied together, neck and heels, for twenty-four hours. In 1728 two young men, named Woodbridge and Phillips, fought a duel with swords on Boston Common. Woodbridge was killed and Phillips escaped to France. Andrew Jackson killed Charles Dickinson in a duel and was engaged in other "affairs of honor," yet when he was president in 1830 he caused the names of four naval officers to be stricken from the rolls because they had engaged in a duel. One of the most famous duels in American history was that between Aaron Burr and Alexander Hamilton, in which the latter was killed. Burr, in 1803, was candidate for the governorship of New York, but was defeated owing to the influence of General Hamilton. Burr boasted that he would force a duel and was sure to kill his man. Hamilton did everything to make peace without dishonor, but finally consented to fight. He fell, and public indignation against Burr knew no bounds. Another famous duel was that between Commodores Decatur and Barron, resulting in the death of the former and the severe wounding of the latter.

The Clay-Randolph duel was also a great event. It arose from a speech made by Randolph in Congress on the appointment of Mr. Clay as Secretary of State by President Adams. Randolph characterized it as "the coalition of Bill and Black George, the combination, unheard of until then, of the Puritan with the blackleg." Mr. Clay at once challenged Ran-

Just a Moment.



Photographer—Please, miss, look pleasant. Ah, very good; one, two, three—that will do, that will do, very nicely. You may now resume your other face.—*Friegende Blaeter*.

dolph. When the time came, the men with their swords were on the ground. General Hamilton, who was present, said it was a most thrilling scene. "Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat." Randolph decided to not return Clay's fire, and when the word was given, discharged his pistol in the air, Clay's bullet missing him. When the latter saw that his antagonist, who was one of the best shots in the country, had purposely wasted his bullet while standing up as a target, he was deeply affected. He ran forward, and in tones of deep emotion cried out to Randolph: "I trust in God, my dear sir, that you are untouched; after what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

### For Bonnie Brides.

**B**LACK is so fashionable this autumn that it will be chosen by brides for gowns in which to return their calls, and will also be worn by young matrons who are guests at day weddings. For such dresses rich Lyons velvets and genuine moire antique are used, though hitherto these fabrics have been considered suitable only for middle-aged and elderly women. The most fashionable modistes prepare black gowns that are brightened by a color, as, for instance, a black velvet skirt trimmed to the knee with a shaped flounce of petunia-colored velvet, headed by vandykes of jet pointing each way, and separated by an inch-wide band of "baby-lamb fur" as black and glossy as moire. The waist is a bolero jacket of the fur, with revers of black moire antique opening on a soft vest of black velvet with two rows of white point de Venise lace extending down it to a jet belt of great width, with a row of the Venise point above. Mutton-leg sleeves gauged at the top to make them droop are of the petunia-colored velvet, finished with narrow cuffs of the rich Venetian lace. With this will be worn a Napoleon hat of black velvet, and a triple cap of velvet and moire antique with white lace collar. A second all black gown has a gathered waist of velvet with a corset of moire covered with rich jet beading extending up to the sleeves on the sides, and pointing lower in front and back. The front, in one piece fastened on the left, has short broad revers of moire set below a high stock-collar of moire edged narrowly at the top with dark Russian sable—a fur that is becoming to every complexion. Gigot sleeves of velvet are of extraordinary breadth and length also, to be pushed up in cross folds by the wearer. The skirt touches the ground, as it is a carriage gown, and is composed of five breadths of very wide velvet, softly interlined, and gored at the back to produce five *godey* pleats that retain their curved shape as they spread to the floor. Added to this is a sash made of a whole breadth of moire antique, passed around the top just below the waist in draped folds, then meeting in the back, and falling in two ends at the foot, being carefully fastened in place amid the funnel-shaped pleats. This sash is a feature of many stylish frocks, and is a revival of an old fashion that can be easily carried out. It also serves to give the greater fulness at the top of skirts, which is coming into fashion, and will be useful for remodeling last winter's gowns. A small jet capote with loops of *duchesse* lace and some colored plumes or an aigrette of colors, and a moire coat or cape, will complete this costume.

The traveling dresses preparing for brides to use also as walking dresses on the first breezy days of autumn have an air of warmth and comfort. They are made usually of roughly woven woolens combined with velvet, and trimmed with fur in narrow bands and edges. The sleeve-caps, collarettes, or shoulder frills are so large that they have the effect of warm capes, and thus dispense with wraps. And, above all else, they are comfortable because the skirt is cut short enough all around to escape the sidewalk without being lifted. A going-away gown for an October bride is of Havana-brown canvas, made after one of Raudnits' charming models. It is narrowly edged with black Persian-lamb fur as a binding scarcely an inch wide, and is further given the "black and white" trimming now so fashionable by insertions of black guipure passementerie over white satin. The wide skirt of simple shape has a circular flounce stitched on without fulness and edged with the narrow fur. The pretty waist, single-

breasted, round, and pleated in six pleats to a belt in back and front, has also a circular basque about five inches deep trimmed with fur. The collarette matches the basque in cut and trimming and falls below a collar band of black open-patterned passementerie laid smoothly on white satin. The belt is like the collar, and two crescent-shaped insertions of the same black and white begin each side of the front and extend under the arms high up the back. The sleeves are gigots, with immense fulness drooping from armhole to elbow, and very closely fitting below, with the merest edge of the fur at the wrist. A small hat of brown felt, with brim faced with Persian lamb, and black wings as trimming, is worn with a coat or cape of the glossy black fur to complete this costume. For brides who object to brown gowns that proclaim their bridehood, are other dresses of rough woolens in two colors, as hopsacking in which green prevails, though some rose-colored threads are woven therein. Such a gown made after a Paris design has a round waist of the rough wool, gathered in front and back over a fitted silk lining under a belt of black satin ribbon. The fronts are gathered low on the shoulders and lapped just at the waist-line, the edges being finished with black marten fur. Inside these is a scarf of green velvet eight inches wide, shirred down the back just below the collar and extending down the fronts beyond the fur, to form pleats at the waist-line. The V space left at the top has a green velvet plastron hooked on the left side and joined to a collar-band of velvet folds. The sleeves are an important feature of this gown, as they have deep circular caps of the wool bordered with fur, that give the effect of a cape, as they drop to the elbow above long green velvet sleeves puffed out at the top to inflate the caps, then closely fitted below. The skirt is trimmed with two bias bands of green velvet set on to give the effect of an over-skirt, open up to the left to the knee and round on the right side.

A Paris authority, taking into consideration the gowns of the older members of the bride's family at a church wedding, suggests for her mother changeable beige and blue moire antique *pointille* with black. This is made with a basque and train, the latter trimmed with a flounce of Chantilly lace, headed with a ruche of pale blue crape. A bertha of the blue under black lace trims the basque. The capote of gold and jet spangles has pale blue and cream plumage. The gloves are white. For the grandmother is a princess gown with Watteau pleated back, made of violet moire striped widely with prune satin. A fiche of Chantilly lace forms a bertha and basque, and there is a collar of black and violet plumes. The small bonnet is of jet, trimmed with bouquets of violets and a black aigrette, and the gloves are of pearl-gray kid. A gown of pistache and rose more dotted with black is suggested for an aunt who is supposed to be not very advanced in years, while for another aunt, who is declared to be older than the bride's mother, this oracle advises a gown of yellow satin striped with moire and finely dotted with black. The bertha has a ruche of black lace, and a flounce of the same lace trims the demi-trained skirt. A capote of jet spangles is edged with yellow blossoms, and has black Mercury wings. Pearl-gray gloves complete this toilette. LA MODE.

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good deal about it

years, but of all the

"Oh! I expect it

he recited it

"Just because

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## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

9

## After a Combination.

His back was humped up, his knees badly sprung, and there was a squeak in his voice as he fondly smoothed down his long goatee and enquired:

"Stranger, could you tell that I'd just paid fifty cents to have these whiskers dyed? Just stand off and squint at 'em and glimpse an honest answer."

"Yes, I could tell that they had been dyed," I replied.

"So could I, but that's all right. Got my hair dyed at the same time. How old would you take me to be?"

"Well, about fifty."

"That was my object—to deceive the public in general and the Widder Splicer in particular. I'm seventy-two years old."

"You have an object then?" I asked.

"I have. I'm going to get married."

"No!"

"That is, if the widder fills the bill. I'm goin' down to Skinnerville to-day to see her. If she fills the bill, she's my jay-bird to love and cherish; if she don't, she's somebody else's jay-bird. What d'ye think of an old chap of seventy-two shin'in' up to a widder of twenty-eight?"

"Such matches generally bring trouble."

"Yes, I suppose they do, and the old chaps are generally to blame for it. I left all the children cryin' around, and the last thing my oldest gal said was that I'd be financially wrecked in three months. All of 'em figgers that the widder is after my money and that she'll make the dollars fly like feathers."

"But you don't think so?"

"Not this evenin', stranger. When a widder picks this old mossback up for a flat she's bound to git left. I had a farm, but I've put it outer my hands. I had a hired gal doin' the work, but I've let her go. I had three cows to milk, and I've bought two more."

"The widow will have plenty of work, eh?"

"More'n a hundred pounds of carpet rags waitin' to be sewed," whispered the old man as he drew down his eye. "Seven of us to cook, wash and mend fur. Cellar hasn't bin white-washed fur three years, and all the house has got to be cleaned. I've thrown the well pump away and gone back to a rope and bucket, and it's comin' on time to dry pumpkins, smoke meat and pick the geese."

"She won't have much of a honeymoon," I suggested.

"Bridal tower is goin' to be jest eight miles long!" he said as he winked the other eye. "I've got it all planned and the cost is a dollar and a half. I've already bought her ten yards of calicker and a two dollar pair of shoes, and she can't hav no excuse to run to the store fur a year. The only money I shall hav about the house is this fifty-cent piece with a hole in it. Stranger, look me all over as I turn around."

"What's the idea?"

"To see if any flies hav lit on me while we've bin talkin'."

"No, I don't see any."

"I didn't much 'spect you would. Thar wasn't any on me when I lefs home, though I'm seventy-two years old, and that won't be any on me when I stand before that widder and offer her my heart and hand. Think of them children a-takin' on because that widder is goin' to wreck me inside of three months, and then think of the widder tryin' it on me! Say, stranger."

"Well?"

"Jest one word more. I've got seven bogs in the pen up home, and I'll bet the hull lot of 'em agin' a dollar that instead of the widder wreckin' me I'll borrow her last shillin' to pay fur gettin' my ha'r and whiskers dyed up an' to fix the preacher who marries us. The children don't know me. I'm-a-gettin' a wife, hired man, hired gal, sewin' woman an' a mother fur 'em all combined in one, and I don't actually believe the hull expense will amount to over three dollars. Thar's moss in the woods around here, stranger, but none growin' on my spinal column. Thar's flies a flyin' about this depot, but you jest notice that none of 'em stop to light on the undersigned!"—Detroit Free Press.

## A Man of Sympathies.

In a building on Clifford street a summer fly-screen yet lingers in one of the lower windows. In fact, it has lingered there summer and winter for the last two or three years, and as a natural result there are several holes in it. The other day the occupant of the building saw a queer-looking old chap stop and take a long look at that fly-screen. He even took out a piece of paper and the stub of a pencil and jotted down some figures. Yesterday the same old man returned. He had an eight-ounce vial in one hand and a bit of rag in the other, and without wasting any time he began work. The stuff in the bottle was poured on the rag and the rag rubbed over and around each hole in the dirty screen. The occupant of the building had his curiosity aroused and stepped out to ask:

"Look here, old man, what sort of a performance do you call this?"

"An act of charity," was the reply as he rubbed away.

"But I don't understand."

"That screen is to keep the flies out in summer, ain't it?"

"Of course."

"And the summer is over!"

"Yes."

"Well, a fly wants to live through the winter, same as anybody. There are near-sighted flies, and flies so careless that they wouldn't see an open barn-door if they didn't smell it. I believe in giving the fly a chance, especially at this season of the year."

"And what are you doing?"

"Rubbing molasses around the holes to give all flies a pointer. Suppose, for instance, that a near sighted Woodward avenue fly was over this way looking for a place where he could lay up for the winter. He might pass those openings a dozen times and not see 'em, but he's bound to smell that molasses ten feet away. He comes—he smells—he lays up for the winter."

"Well!" laughed the occupant, "I've heard a good deal about cranks during the last ten years, but of all the men deserving of the—" "Oh! I expect it!" interrupted the old man as he recorked the bottle and tossed away the rag. "Just because I figure that a fly ought to

have a fair show I'm an old crank! If I went around with a crow bar on my shoulder pounding the brains out of every fly I met, I'd be called a wise man, I suppose! You can call me what you will, but I say that the man who won't give the fall and winter fly a decent show would poison his own brother so as to marry the widow and get his russet shoes!"

And while the occupant of the building continued to laugh and chuckle, the old man hit the cork a "swat" with the palm of his hand, dropped the bottle into his coat-tail pocket and moved off with the addenda:

"And you look just like one of those human hyenas who'd set fire to his shop in order to burn a bald-headed, near-sighted and crippled fly who was felicitating himself that he'd got all settled 'till the first of next May!"—Detroit Free Press.

## Self-Conscious



Herr Knocken (to attendant)—After you've rubbed my knee you may rub my calv—that is to say, my shins.—Fliegende Blaater.

## A YOUNG LADY'S ESCAPE.

## AN INTERESTING STORY FROM NORFOLK COUNTY.

General Debility and Chronic Neuralgia Made Miss Lizzie Bentley's Life Miserable—Her Parents Feared She Was Going Into Consumption—Brought Back from the Brink of the Grave.

From the Simcoe Reformer.

Miss Lizzie Bentley is the daughter of Mr. Ira Bentley, of Waterford, a former well known resident of Simcoe. It is well known that Miss Bentley was long and seriously ill, and it was recently reported that she had fully regained her health and strength. Her case has excited considerable interest in Waterford, and coming to the ears of the Reformer, we felt more than a passing interest in the matter for the reason that for a period of nearly three years, there have been from time to time, published in our columns, particulars of alleged cures of various serious cases of illness that have been effected through the use of a remedy known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The scenes of these cures have been located in widely scattered portions of the country, it might almost be said of the globe, for some of these stories came from the United States and some from England, to such a distance have the proprietors extended the sphere of their usefulness.

It is of course the common idea that the age of miracles has long passed, and thousands of people who would not relish a classification among "doubting Thomases," and who are quite ready to believe any long story, so that it does not trespass upon their unconvincing notions, and what old line physicians tell them of the limits and capabilities of the medical pharmacopeia, as laid down by the schools, hear with a shrug of the shoulder and a smile of incredulity, of cases, the evidence of which is of so certain a character that no court or jury in the land would question it. Take one of the best known and striking instances of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. We refer to the case of Mr. John Marshall. Could any evidence be clearer or more convincing even to a sceptic. Mr. Marshall is a well known citizen of so large a city as Hamilton. He was paid by the Royal Templars of Temperance the sum of one thousand dollars, that being the sum paid by that institution to its members who are proven to the satisfaction of its physicians to have become permanently incapable. Every fact in connection with the case was investigated by the Hamilton papers and vouched for by them. Not satisfied to take its evidence at second-

hand, the Toronto Globe sent a representative to Hamilton. The result of these investigations was the publication by the Globe of an article in which every claim made by Mr. Marshall and the proprietors of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was fully conceded, and the "Hamilton Miracle" unreservedly endorsed by this great Canadian newspaper.

In a way it reminds us of the story of a great lawyer who attended a prayer meeting. His own views of religion were of the most heterodox character. He went to be amused; he came away with all his preconceived ideas changed. He said: "I heard these men whose word was as good as the Bank of England get upon their feet and tell what religion had done for them, not theoretically, it was their own personal experience of it. Were these men in a witness box I would not have the slightest inclination to doubt their word; as a consistent man I was unable to doubt them anywhere else. I had doubted, now I believe."

The man who would give an hour's attention to the evidence that the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company had the merit, must, if able to reason at all, concede that their Pink Pills contain wonderful properties for the amelioration of human ailments.

All these reflections are introductory to the case that has come under our notice. Mr. Ira Bentley is widely known in this district, where he carried on business as a pump and windmill manufacturer for years. He formerly lived in Tilsonburg, afterwards in Simcoe and now resides in the village of Waterford. A representative of the Reformer visited Waterford not long since to interview Mr. Bentley as to his daughter's recovery. For it is understood this journal is as little prone to be carried away by fair spoken or written words as the rest of humanity, and as we had heard that Miss Bentley's cure was due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, we were anxious to investigate, that we might add our personal testimony, if possible, to the many who have already spoken and written on behalf of this great Canadian remedy. The result of the writer's journey to Waterford was eminently satisfactory. We failed in finding Mr. Bentley at home for he was in Caledonia that day setting up a windmill but Mrs. and Miss Bentley were the immediate beneficiaries of the good effects of Pink Pills. Mrs. Bentley was apparently enjoying the best of health, and we were more than surprised to be told by her that it was she who first of the family had experimented with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She told us that a couple of years ago she had been grievously attacked by rheumatism, and had after solicitation by some friends sought relief in Pink Pills. The result had been eminently satisfactory as any observer could see. It was, however, to become acquainted with the case of Miss Bentley that we had gone to Waterford. In answer to our enquiries Mrs. Bentley told us that her eldest daughter, Lizzie, was nineteen years of age, that from her infancy she had been a sufferer and that her chances of growing to womanhood had never been considered good. She early became a victim of acute neuralgia, that for weeks at a time racked her body and made life a burden. She would at times go down to the very brink of the grave; she was in appearance a mere shadow, thin, pale and weak, unable to do anything. After finding how Pink Pills had benefitted her mother she too began to use them. No change from weakness to health could have been more rapid, and a cure more complete. "You can see," Mrs. Bentley said to us, "she is a well girl, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cured her and we are willing to tell the whole world that such is the case."

Desirous of seeing Miss Bentley herself, we next repaired to the Waterford post office, where she is employed as a telegraph operator. We had known Miss Bentley when she lived in Simcoe. We remembered her pale, delicate face as it was then. One glance at the bright young girl before us, her cheeks aglow with ruddy health, was sufficient. The days of miracles were not gone. The happy subject of one stood before us. Her story was a repetition of the one told us by her mother, only with an added depth of thankfulness to the means of her recovery. We came away from our interview with Miss Bentley fully satisfied that we now knew of our own knowledge of at least one marvelous cure to be credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

An analysis shows that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain in a condensed form all the elements necessary to give new life and vitality to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form) by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, from either address.



## TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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## Music.

**T**HE large and brilliant audience which crowded every part of the Pavilion at the concert on Saturday night last was at once a mark of public appreciation of Mr. I. E. Suckling's discrimination in selecting standard attractions for our citizens and of his excellent business capacity in successfully carrying out anything he undertakes. With the combined attraction of Mme. Nordica, the Toronto Orchestra and other assisting artists, added to the presence of the vice-regal party, the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, and the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, it is little to be wondered at that the immense audience represented the fashion and culture of the city. The great popularity of Mme. Nordica in Toronto served, no doubt, as one of the principal magnets in attracting the public, although no small interest attached to the first appearance of the new Toronto Orchestra under Mr. Torrington's baton. Mme. Nordica's reception was a repetition of the enthusiasm with which she has been greeted upon the occasions of her former appearances in this city. The same beauty of voice and charm of manner which have won for her so many admirers in all parts of the world, again characterized her efforts on this occasion. The spontaneous applause which followed all her selections and the clamor for encores testified to the delight of the audience. Her voice has lost nothing in richness or expressiveness since her last appearance here, although her opening number indicated a slight indisposition, which, however, wore off during the evening. All of her selections were rendered in the truly artistic style which has made her famous, the charming rendition of her encore numbers, particularly of the ballads When Love Is Kind and Robin Adair, being exquisite models of refined sentiment and poetic grace.

The orchestra came in for no small share of attention, and upon the whole did its work very creditably, considering the recent organization and limited rehearsals of the band. The lighter selections, particularly the Inter-mezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, were given with good effect as regards intonation and tone, but the more exacting numbers were marred through lack of sufficient familiarity on the part of sections of the orchestra, which was evident in the anxiety plainly manifested regarding the technical difficulties of the work before them. Under these circumstances the sphere of the conductor was oftentimes limited to the task of keeping his forces together. The string section will answer all the demands likely to be put upon this part of the organization during the season, the tone being good and the technical ability of the players sufficient for any work likely to be attempted. Individual players among the bass and wind also will be a source of strength.

The roughness of the brass section and the healthy robustness of the wood wind in delicate passages will no doubt receive the conductor's attention as the season advances. The citizens of Toronto are apparently prepared to support any scheme for orchestral concerts to the extent its artistic merits may deserve. For this reason I trust that the question of obtaining sufficient rehearsals from the members comprising the orchestra will be more successfully dealt with than has been possible in past orchestral ventures. Only in this way can Mr. Torrington demonstrate his ability as an orchestral conductor. On the other hand, insufficiently rehearsed numbers should not be presented on any of the programmes of the orchestra. The orchestra should, furthermore, represent for this province at least the best and most advanced work within its boundaries. The reproach which was recently cast upon the standard of our Toronto orchestral programmes by a leading English journal in an article which was intended to be complimentary, that no Beethoven symphony had ever been attempted by a local orchestra, is all the more suggestive since this class of work is being taken up by the bands of several of the smaller cities of the country. In this respect there has oftentimes been a sad lack of harmony between our actual achievements and the pretensions which have been made concerning them, a state of affairs which I sincerely trust the new orchestra with its superior opportunities will do much to remedy.

An agreeable variety was lent the evening's performance through the vocal selections of Signor De Lasco, the popular basso, and the violin solos of Herr Klingenfeld. Signor De Lasco, although not in his best form, was warmly received and on the conclusion of his second solo enthusiastically encored. His rendition of a Spanish drinking song in response to an encore was one of his best efforts, displaying to excellent advantage his rich and powerful voice. Herr Klingenfeld was also warmly encored for his rendition of the Saratoga arrangement of Chopin's E flat nocturne, and in response played the Scottish ballad Bonnie Doon. This gentleman possesses a good tone and no small technical ability, and is a decided acquisition to the solo and orchestral talent of the city. Mrs. Klingenfeld prettily accompanied him on the piano. At the conclusion of the concert His Excellency the Governor-General personally complimented Mme. Nordica and Mr. Torrington, expressing his pleasure at the programme presented. Mr. Suckling was also deservedly congratulated upon the success of the event.

I have received from Mr. H. Guest Collins of Chicago, formerly of Toronto, an interesting letter on the subject of Organ Study in Germany, which I regret lack of space prevents me giving in its entirety in SATURDAY NIGHT, which Mr. Collins compliments upon its growing influence as a means of communication between the musicians of this country. Mr. Collins says among other things: "Notwithstanding the acknowledged pre-eminence that German musicians have attained as orchestral performers and piano players, and the reputation they enjoy as teachers, the organ has, with a singular conservatism, not advanced, either in its modernized structure or in the

manner of performance to that point noticeable either in Paris, London or New York. The grand old fugues of Bach seem to be the end and aim of all study of the organ in Berlin. The effect of organ playing is generally rough and not what one would expect in a land where orchestral playing is so finished, so wonderfully refined and perfect." Mr. Collins points out that the religious objections held by many German organ builders until recently to the introduction of the swell in the organ, was due to a fear that church music might be dethroned from the lofty standard of Bach and become secularized. Hence, in Berlin particularly, the advantages for organ students have been very limited. An English organist, Mr. C. E. Clemens, recognizing the fact that many students who go to Berlin desire to join the study of the organ on a system suitable to the taste of English and American students, with that of the piano and composition, has opened a studio for that purpose and furnished it with an English organ for the use of his pupils. Mr. Collins points out that with the unequalled facilities offered by Berlin in the study of instrumental music generally, and composition, and the "marvelous concert and opera privileges," Mr. Clemens' innovation will render the German capital a most desirable and delightful place of residence and study for musicians who wish to gain an insight into the art of organ playing in connection with their other studies.

Mr. Collins' remarks will be read with interest by the profession here. The clumsy actions of most German organs are responsible to a large degree to the disfavor with which organ study is generally regarded in Germany, Berlin, for so large a city, is singularly deficient



Mr. H. Klingenfeld.

In its organ advantages, being in this respect a generation behind Leipzig, which is beginning earlier to feel the wholesome influence of the modern French School as represented by the works of Guilmant, St. Saens and others. The Royal Conservatory at Leipzig is well equipped in this respect, possessing several effective organs, one of which is a large and excellent three manual instrument constructed on a tolerably modern basis by the most progressive of German firms. It is not probable that the organ in Germany will ever be made to masquerade as an orchestra, but the dignity and melodiousness of the new French School and the true organ style maintained in compositions of the composers representing it is doing much to overcome the prejudice which has existed for years against extending the sphere of the King of Instruments in the Fatherland.

A new musical society has been organized under the direction of Mr. W. J. McNally, organist of the Beverley street Baptist church. It has been decided to adopt the name of The Toronto Vocal Club, and to appear in concert work, principally unaccompanied part songs, etc., during the season.

Herr Klingenfeld, whose portrait is here presented, is the latest acquisition to the ranks of our professional musicians. Mention of his successful debut at the Nordica concert on Saturday night last has been made in another portion of this column. Herr Klingenfeld's success in Halifax as an orchestral conductor during the past two seasons is also noted in my comments concerning the musical doings of that city.

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